

CAVALCADE



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Was The Red Chair Haunted? — Page 4



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Cavalcade

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VOL. 16, No. 4

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better than some said it must where all would have, and some actually wanted their opinions that were belaying their own statements, because they couldn't explain why!

After 22 consecutive days of "hypnotic sessions," the tawdry old red rocker on a blue Monday left an urn. It was quickly swapped off when a two-caroten and scored winter—probably excited at the prospect of sitting in a ghost's lap for the first time in any person's life—sat down heavily on the urn.

The long suffering partners of Mrs. Holladay, who had been hangnail enough in total stupor to hold open house to phony unbroken cures to see the chair, snapped as suddenly as the chair's urn, and broke off, too. She and Floyd Holladay, who was fond of the comfortable old chair, agreed.

"That did it! This week open house for us."

The manufacturers of the Holladay chair, until now quietly reading their newspapers at home, finally decided they must go down Clinton, Iowa, to thoroughly examine the prominent chair. Officials of the Kelly Chair Company, after due and careful deliberation, gave as their latest opinion on a Tuesday, that it was their belief "it is so definitely balanced that it rocks at the slightest vibration."

However, they did not state how many of their "definitely balanced" chairs were now rocking unattended by human hands back in their factory where the Holladay chair had been made. They did further suggest it perfectly good faith—the Holladays tried hard to so realize this suggestion—that a meter in the area could be the dead from which the vibrations commenced.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Monroe Krasner, another Maconite, Iowa couple, told

the Holladays of some strange experiences they had had some years before, when they had loved only two down from the Holladays' house. The Krasners mysteriously action rocker, quite unlike the Holladays' rocker, would only rock at night. Mrs. Krasner said, "We said it because it made too much noise."

After the "bewitched" chair had been in motion for 31 days, without a satisfactory explanation for its strange and weird behavior being acceptable to the Holladays, Mrs. Holladay, justly triumphant, announced on a Saturday, that her famous chair was now worth up to \$100 dollars. And the added, correctly determined, "That we're not sure we'd like that now."

Her reasons for that statement were, "I figure the chair is worth more than \$200 dollars since I have agreed to appear on a New York City television show May 12th."

Once that great event for which an entire nation waited tensely, had a bit apprehensively. Television, and news radio listeners, couldn't be drawn from their comfortable seats on the slowly gathering suspenseful night of Friday, May 12, 1959.

This daring and eventual debut of the famous Holladays and their weird chair was appearing on a radio-television program of the National Broadcasting Company, popularly known as "We The People." Kelly manufacturers, perform as gallantly as it had since March 23, only an hour after a great sorrow had overwhelmed the family.

AP news stated, "The chair rocked violently during the show—three imperceptibly before and after."

None of these experts "learned speakers" which had been voted back to the Maconite, Iowa home applied to the chair on the stage of the NBC

broadcasting station in New York City. And the show rocked violently!

Television watchers saw it rock! It was the national splash of news that the chair seemed actually determined "to prove that an unusual intelligence was conscious of all that went on around and about it!"

Yet for eight long years, the Holladays said, their chair was as different than any other chair in their house, it was simply part a rocking chair. The only time it would rock was when somebody was sitting on it—and one could see who was rocking the chair!

Of course, Joseph Dummerger was there! He has been trying for years to dispose scientifically tested claims of some delinquent parties who had the claim of the Stone Medicine.

He is called a "materialist" and is the chairman of the Unusual Council for Psychic Research, UCPR. A not to be confused with the long established American Society for Psychic Research, with which some of the world's great scientists have been connected in one capacity or another. Dummerger said:

"This chair rocks. So what? It's a rare physical phenomenon—not a psychic one. Perfect balance—that's why."

But Dummerger didn't explain why the particular chair only found its "perfect balance" after eight long years of only rocking in the Holladay home—when a viable body rocked it.

But right after the program, some accidentally into the home, of millions of interested people, Joseph Dummerger found a person who would quickly disagree with him. He was Henry Roberts, an editor of the "Psychics of Nantredonian." Roberts said to Dummerger:

"I disagree absolutely. The chair is purely psychic. That chair, I feel,

has psychometric quality of the person who sat in it, a fourth dimensional objectivity!"

In plain words, Henry Roberts meant by the third, psychometric and fourth dimensional objectivity: the spirit body of a now living person is now sitting in that chair, and rocking it as it has been rocked the same since that day, March 23, 1950. That spirit person is fully aware of all that goes on around it!

When Mrs. Holladay was asked the person who liked best to sit in the old red rocker, she answered, "It was Floyd Brownist, my brother-in-law. He enjoyed sitting in that chair whenever he visited us."

Further inquiry revealed that on March 12, 1950, the Holladays moved into the home recently vacated by the Browns who moved to a Maconite County farm. Floyd Brownist died on March 11, after two operations.



Burmese Blood Bath

In the heyday of its past, under power-and rulers, Burma was a land to avoid—if you wanted to keep your head.



TODD JONES

SINCE the Second World War, when S Burma made the headlines as the home for Japanese attack on India, it has once more been thrust into the background of world affairs.

But under the smiling politeness of the Burmese lies resentment of Britain as a military power with armies sniffing across the borders into China, Java and India.

Under one of its most famous rulers, Aungmye, the Burmese waged wars of aggression against all of its neighbors, and the Indian border states were among the worst sufferers.

Aungmye believed in the policy of

frightfulness. His smiling, polite Burmese soldiers committed atrocities that would have made Genghis Khan and Tamerlane reemigrate.

One of the favorite Burmese devices to suppress their enemies was to reward their captives and then cut a piece from the still-living victims and eat it in front of them.

Women, children and the aged were not immune from these fends. As these rulers believed that the only enemies to be treated were dead ones, those who did not manage to escape were usually buried together inside bamboo cages and buried alive.

Burma during the past was the happy hunting ground of unscrupulous European adventurers.

Aungmye had no scruples about using the Europeans for his own ends; but when they were detected plotting against him, retaliation was swift and horrible.

A Portuguese named De Brito showed the extremely bad judgment of entering into a plot to capture one of the King's girls.

Unfortunately for him, Aungmye brought troops to the scene with such dispatch that De Brito was outnumbered and trapped.

At the King's orders he was imprisoned. The place of punishment was a small cell looking down on the fort, and such was the delicacy of his torment that he prepared for three days before he died.

During the reign of King Mindon and King Thibaw, there was a famous Burmese general named Mahachandala.

On one occasion a military scout brought Mahachandala news that an unexpected force of enemy troops were ready to attack his camp.

He acted with the promptness of the news that he promptly ordered the scout to be executed for bringing such delayed tidings.

Another Burmese general, who was involved in a defeat during one of the many local campaigns, so disgusted his superiors by his lack of enterprise that his immediate execution was ordered by sending over a few fens.

But the disgraced general was not step ahead of his ruler's wishes. He promptly disappeared into the jungle with a small band of followers.

Before he could be apprehended he sent word to the king that he had captured a white elephant, which he was bringing as a gift.

In Burma a white elephant is the

prize for all monarchs. The overjoyed ruler rewarded the general to his former rank with an ample monetary reward as well.

Late in the Burmese Court was never dull. It was never known when a party of political prisoners would be made.

While King Bagyidaw occupied the throne, the need for the courtiers to be constantly on the alert was even greater than usual.

The king had the habit, when annoyed, of suddenly arising and disappearing into an inner room.

When he reappeared, he usually had a spear, which was directed for the person who had caused his displeasure, or in token of some distress, for the first person he saw.

King Mindon, a contemporary of Queen Victoria, had a horror of condemning a person to death.

To spare his feelings, he merely announced to his chief minister that he did not desire to see a particular face again. That made certain that the face and body of the subject consumed upon period company.

A new palace had been built at Aungmye, the capital of Burma at that time. To the King's immense disgust, a violent transformation descended its style.

As it was impossible to punish the architects, Mindon decided to vent his wrath on the architect, whose face was promptly outlawed from the Royal Presence.

A few hours later he decided that, on another side, would have to be built it would be better to keep the architect alive.

Unfortunately, his officers had displayed their usual and. The nobleman's head had long since parted company with his neck.

Through long wars, the Burmese had come to accept sudden death as a normal event; but the limit of

GOOD NEIGHBOUR POLICY

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
You look sweet in a garden
But, begging your pardon,
I've thought of that long ago

Mary, Mary, I'm too wary,
Yet, you're a bewitching
maiden,
But my wife's away,
So unless I'll stay,
For look! what happened to
Adam.

—ERICA PARKER

their endurance was almost reached during the short reign of King Thibaw and Queen Supayalat.

On the death of Morden, Thibaw—still only a youth—was selected for the throne as being least likely of the various aspirants to cause trouble.

His selection did not reckon with his mother, Supayalat, not only contented to control Thibaw, but Burma as well.

Her first act after the accession was to insist on Thibaw the recovery of possession of all who might have any claim to the throne.

Thibaw wanted to impress the unfortunate, but she insisted that he murder them all.

A magnificent theatrical entertainment was arranged with the usual Burmese orchestral accompaniment of drums and gongs. During the three days it was in progress, eighty royal subjects were executed.

The Burmese method of executing usually was quickly held down by law. Prisoners were subjected to death by stroke with a bludgeon on the back

of the neck, quiver and prisoner were disposed of by blows on the throat.

The executioners were asked account for a loathsome deed. As each victim was disposed of, the body was thrust into a red velvet bag, which took the place of a coffin. It was then trampled into the common grave dug for the corpse.

At the end of three days, Thibaw's wrath had been carried out. The men saw the cruelty and selfish acts were thus avenged and loved.

The brutal, diabolic and shadowy scene was not conducive to proper sentiment. To the horror of the native inhabitants, before long the ground above the grave began to lift and crack.

The royal elephants were ordered to tread over the area to level the dead into their proper place, but it was soon realized that it would be better to remove the bodies.

Orders were therefore given for the entire area to be cleared. The bodies were conveyed by bullock wagon at night and dumped into the Irrawaddy River.

Apart from a minor crime in which Supayalat managed to dispose of a dancing girl who was becoming too popular with Thibaw, Burmese affairs proceeded peacefully for a time.

A son was born to the Queen, but died in infancy during a smallpox epidemic.

The misadventure being asked his subjects to take whatever steps they thought necessary to overcome the epidemic. They decided that the only way to safeguard the city was to separate one hundred men, one hundred women, one hundred boys, one hundred girls and hundred soldiers and one hundred foreigners.

When the news reached the inhabitants outside the palace, a general exodus from the city began.

The king and his advisers were disgusted that the people could be so ungrateful as to avoid so necessary a sacrifice. However, they decided to modify their programme to the extent that they obtained their soldiers from the prisons and buried them close at the city gates during the hours of darkness.

Human sacrifice was not new to Mandalay. When the city was founded, fifty-two persons had been burned alive to protect it from evil. Even the famous Lion Throne, on which the rulers preside, contains the remains of four unfortunates.

Unable to refrain from intrigues, before long Supayalat was again brought to new suspicions as the King's wife. She told him that the few members of royal blood who had

escaped the first massacre, but who were still in prison, were planning to escape and overthrow him.

It was accordingly decided to complicate the whole affair by arranging for an escape. Three prisons were opened, as the doors probably ran out, except that them dead.

Representatives the next day counted over three hundred naked bodies, from which hands and feet had been hacked to enable the recovery of the treasure.

Shortly after this little episode, Thibaw, again at Supayalat's instigation, decided he could win a war against Britain.

The Third Burmese War ended in a complete defeat for the Burmese, and a program and exile for life in India for King Thibaw and Queen Supayalat.





He was a headless Red Indian savage—and the Mounted had to get him.

SILENCING OF "ALMIGHTY VOICE"

IN 1872, under the leadership of the John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Government organized the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Not very long after that, the authority of the newly-formed organization was put to the supreme test in a case that still ranks as one of the most significant and important in the history of the red-coated Force.

The new organization found itself faced with three main problems.

First, it was patently small in numbers, with a strength of barely three hundred men. Secondly, these men had no enormous territory to cover, more than half the size of Europe. Thirdly, there was hostility and contempt from the Indians.

There was one Indian in particular, Almighty Voice, who took the most savage delight in harassing and mocking the red-coats. More than once a bullet flew from behind a

bullet came uncomfortably close to a notable riding his best.

The police, however, endured these taunts and acts of hostility in the hope that Almighty Voice would eventually settle down. They were anxious to avoid open trouble.

One day, however, a report of a different nature came in to the headquarters at Regina. Word came that Almighty Voice had stolen a cow. The Commissioner immediately called for Captain Allen.

"You showed that to it," he told the Captain. "So far we have been patient with Almighty Voice, hoping that ultimately he would come to recognize our authority. I've no doubt that Almighty Voice stole that cow for no other purpose than to force us to drive on head. Well, Captain, we shan't. The thief must be taken, brought in and punished."

Captain Allen advised: "I'll detail Sergeant Colbrook to hunt Almighty Voice in, sir," he said.

An uneasy atmosphere settled over the barracks when the nature of Sergeant Colbrook's mission became known. There was gravity in Captain Allen's voice as he addressed Sergeant Colbrook in his office.

"We've been expecting something like this, sergeant," he said. "I want you to understand the exact nature of this case. It goes beyond Almighty Voice's theft of a cow. There are not many Indians who recognize our authority as policemen yet. They must be made to recognize that authority and gain respect for the law. This is a test case for our authority."

Completing arrangements for his assignment, Sergeant Colbrook detailed a half-breed guide to accompany him to act as interpreter, the sergeant having no knowledge of the Indian language.

Almighty Voice was camped some

distance out on the prairie. With him were a few other Indians. Not a word was spoken as the Mounted and his guide rode into the camp.

Sergeant Colbrook's eye immediately singled out Almighty Voice. The Indian stood a little apart from his fellows. He was a massive savage with jet-black blanket eyes.

At sight of the sergeant and his lieutenant, the Indian's thin cruel lips twisted into a sneer. But Colbrook was quick to notice how his hand quickly tightened on his rifle.

Almost ten yards away from Almighty Voice, Colbrook crouched in his haire. To his half-breed interpreter he said: "Tell him that I have come to arrest him for theft."

The guide translated this to Almighty Voice. The Indian spit on the ground before him. He said something to the other Indians who immediately laughed jeeringly. Almighty Voice then turned back to the interpreter and spoke again.

"He says," the interpreter told Sergeant Colbrook, "that if you move forward another foot he will shoot you."

The air became electric. Almighty Voice raised his rifle, pointed it directly at the sergeant's breast. In that brief moment, the other Indians bent their combined gaze slowly, menacingly, upon the Mounted.

The Indian's threat was no idle one. Sergeant Colbrook realized that from the expression in the eyes of Almighty Voice.

But into his mind came the words of Captain Allen: "This is a test case for our authority . . . upon it may rest the entire future history of the R.C.M.P."

Sergeant Colbrook did not hesitate. He had been told to get his man, even if it cost him his life.

He looked at the muzzle of the rifle aimed at him, saw the jet black

men of Almighty Voice surrender through the night. To the satisfaction the sergeant said:

"Tell him I have spoken. Tell him I give him one last chance to come with me peacefully, that he will receive a fair trial and justice."

The guide transmitted the message. Almighty Voice replied without lowering his rifle an inch. The interpreter said to Colbrook, "His subject is the same as before."

Hearing this, Sergeant Colbrook looked no longer. He had tipped the coin. He instant started forward. Suddenly came the western cough of a rifle. Sergeant Colbrook fell from his horse, a bullet in his heart.

When word was received back in Regina of Almighty Voice's cold-blooded slaying of Sergeant Colbrook, word across the province were stirred. A reward was offered for the Indian's apprehension, with a description of the Cree being at once disseminated. In the meantime, the assassin conveniently disappeared.

The search spread from Regina to all points of the compass. Days passed and stretched into weeks. Finally, when all efforts to locate Almighty Voice appeared fruitless, Captain Allen was placed in command of the search.

Weeks passed until the pursuit had spread over a radius of one thousand miles. It became, and still remains, one of the longest man-hunts in the history of the R.C.M.P. Then, one day, a half-breed scout brought word that Almighty Voice had been reported in the vicinity of Duck Lake, 80 miles away.

With a full detachment of men, Captain Allen set forth immediately. On the way to Duck Lake, however, other reports came in which showed the capture was not going to be easy. On the contrary, it threat-

ened to be hazardous in the extreme. "It is no longer just Almighty Voice alone," a scout informed Captain Allen. "He has been organizing several Indian tribes against the whole R.C.M.P. The Cree in particular appear to have gone over en masse to his side. It is hard to say how many Indians he has with him, maybe a hundred, perhaps more, maybe more. They are working, fully armed. If you are ever to take Almighty Voice, you will have to take them all."

The man was barely over the horizon when the detachment arrived in the vicinity of Duck Lake. Here they were greeted with information that Almighty Voice, with many other Indians behind him, was stationed behind some bluffs.

Hardly had the Mounted put in their appearance when they were hailed with a volley of lead that forced them to spread out and seek shelter. As it was, some of Allen's party had been hit and seriously wounded.

The police could not advance, and to return was out of the question. Consequently, a despatch line was kept up on both sides throughout the day.

Finally, Captain Allen decided upon a bold move. It was risky, it would mean shooting himself for a moment, but there was a slim chance that an appeal might be effective. He moved up from his shelter.

"We are not here to fight against our Indian friends," he called. "We are simply here to arrest one of you for murder. That man is Almighty Voice. Do not let him make victims of you all. I promise that if Almighty Voice surrenders, he will be given a fair and fair hearing. While the rest of you will be allowed to return peacefully to your homes."

The answer was the crack of a rifle

fired by Almighty Voice, himself. Captain Allen staggered as a bullet struck the way into his shoulder. It was a bad wound but not mortal, and it was the only reply received to his offer.

As darkness set in, Captain Allen dispatched a man back to the headquarters at Regina. The result of this message was soon forthcoming the following day with the arrival on the scene of a fresh group of Mounted men—500 men up behind them.

That began the famous Battle of Duck Lake. After a few shells had been fired into the bluffs, the Mounted Police made a concerted rush. The hostilities that followed were vigorous and bloody on both sides. When it was over, 11 dead Indians were counted on the ground.

One of those was a handsome man who with them cried that Captain Allen looked about him at the slaughter, looked at his own wounded men and felt the beatings on his shoulder. Then he looked back at the fallen sergeant.

"And all because he stole a cow," he said correctly. He thought of Sergeant Colbrook, and how that valiant man had ridden valiantly to his death. "Perhaps now the Indians will come to realize that the Mounted Police stand for law, order and justice in Canada."

Captain Allen was right. From that day on, the Indians regarded Canada's red-coated guardians with a new respect. The slaying of Almighty Voice had proved a test case indeed.





JAMES HOLLIDGE

A HANDFUL OF HOAXERS

Except for the poor victims, everyone can laugh at a really good hoax. Here are a few assigned jokes now regarded as classics.



THE art of the hoaxer has a long and glazy record. He has flourished since the days of Mephistopheles, vengeful players and other imaginative spirits.

Not until the 19th Century, however, did he burst into full bloom with the sort of ingenuity and imaginative frenzy that we either laugh at or get mad about today.

Most famous and inspired of all the modern hoaxers was a certain Holman de Vere Cole. He died in 1903, having devoted his life and fortune to the construction of 50 recorded classic hoaxes.

One day in 1811, the Admiral of His Majesty's Home Fleet anchored at Portsmouth received a telegram aboard his flagship, *Broadnought*. It was signed by Lord Hardinge, the Permanent Under-Secretary of the

Foreign Office, and informed him that the Emperor of Algiers was arriving by train that morning on a visit of inspection.

The Admiral's sole natural desire to make preparations. Before the train drew in, he had the red ceremonial carpet unrolled.

At last the Emperor descended. He looked a little uncomfortable (though was really not to be wondered at as he had never been an emperor before). Like the four other barbed, robed and bearded members of his party, he was a friend of Boswell Cole, talked into taking part in the "hoax of the century."

Cole himself was posing as an official of the Foreign Office. He stage-managed the party and got them through the drawing and on to the Admiral's barge without trouble

On the deck of the *Broadnought*, uniforms were drawn up. The Admiral and his staff greeted the visitors. The band played the National Anthem of Karamania, not knowing that of Algiers.

For most of his time on the water-ship, Cole enjoyed himself royally in the wardrobe. But the "Algiersmen" frightened of the effect on their dressing boards and make-up, had to refuse all refreshment.

Cole explained their discomfort as religious scruples.

At the end of the day, the "Emperor" and his party pleaded urgent engagements in London, and excused to share in the barge—without suffering the ordeal of the 18-gun salute reserved for Royal Monarchs.

One of the best—and also one of the most representative—of Holman Cole's inspired hoaxes (he died a poor man as a result of the high costs of elaborate hoaxing), was "The sale of the Crown of Christ."

Not long after the conclusion of World War I, he heard that a notorious millionaire western millionaire was offering to buy the sovereignty of one one of the lesser European nations. Several of them were "landed" in the post-war political chaos, and the ambitious millionaire did not see why he could not purchase himself a suitable throne.

It was obviously the good an opportunity for Cole to rise. A mission was rented, furnished and staffed on the Great Legation, Constantinople. "Algiersmen" approached the millionaire. After much negotiation, he was permitted to interview the Great "Ambassador."

Cole, as the "Ambassador," gave the performance of his career. After dragging vague hints about a possible American deal for the "throne," he soon had the victim begging him

to accept two million pounds as a donation by the Great Treasury.

An agreement was drawn up. The millionaire was to be crowned King of the grateful nation of a sovereign in the Legation. High "Great" dignitaries were to journey to London for the purpose.

On the appointed day, resplendent in full, heavily-jeweled, Court ceremonial dress, the millionaire arrived at the Legation. With eager haste, he was conducted by footmen and officials to the bathroom.

The door was flung open. The millionaire was welcomed in mild London, it seemed, to his official guest, was straightened there.

Glasses in hand, they drank to much honor to a genuine picture frame on the wall. In it, he could see, was his own design for the throne.

Another instance of world-wide reputation was an eccentric former English Army Major, named Robert Noble. His happy hunting ground was the little town of Karamania in British Columbia, where he lived out his years of retirement until he died in 1897. An anglophile, his "famous book *Swatching Hoses*" was a masterpiece.

The trick was played in an office in which Noble was working. The day the victim appeared, wearing what was obviously a brand new Homburg, the hoaxer surreptitiously examined it.

At last, the man went out and brought another hat identical in every respect, but one—the second hat was half a size larger.

Sometime during the afternoon he switched hats. When the victim put on his Homburg to go home, he found it wobbled loosely on his head and was in danger of falling down over his ears.

The following day the victim appeared wearing the substituted hat

Went a haunted house? . . . Well, taken away in Bertie's gleaming home slides in Hatfield Abbey. Three spectres hovered round them across halls. First a woman, who suddenly stops out of velvet walls . . . while they are unconscious. She used to clasp them in "a little old lady in grey" who disarms students by sitting without waiting by the fire-side. But the third has perfume really worn. It's a dumpy baby who snuggles up beside them in bed.

again—but with folded paper inside the hand. During the morning Noble again switched him, warning him his organ, Rembrandt, which, however, had now also been fixed with paper.

At luncheon, when the owner lowered his hat, he found it was on the top of his head. In a frenzy, he rushed around to the shop where he had bought it.

The assistant examined it, found that it was the man's socks and asked, "What's the idea of putting paper in it?" Of course, it wasn't it, you know."

Blushing, the visitor spent ten minutes trying to explain that the previous evening it had been too big for them, noting the customer's obviously bored and disbelieving look, he hurried out of the shop.

During the afternoon, the larger hat, with the paper now removed, was again exhibited. The funny visitor went through his ordeal all over again.

"The swiftness of Rembrandt," she served Noble, attentively, "wasn't until the velvet threw one of them on the floor and jumped on it as a mad man."

Austrians, too, have perpetrated some classic heists.

Who has forgotten the Mrs. Malley affair in 1849?

An Adelaide high-brow literary magazine published a long series of "poems"—each, if anything, more nonsensical than the first.

With a great failure, it concerned them as the inspired work of a brilliant young poet named Mrs. Malley.

For a few weeks the name of Mrs. Malley reverberated around the country. A lecture on literature at Adelaide University discussed and praised the "poems." They were fervently dispatched overseas for publication in leading examples of Australian verse.

Then the bubble burst. Two young Servicemen revealed they had invented Malley and had composed the "poems" in the moderate margin. They wrote the lot in one afternoon—by dividing together disconnected lines from sources at different points. Soon after that, the Adelaide magazine ceased publication.

The "Mrs. Malley" was not alone.

Just before the last war, a self-styled "baron of practical jokes" disappeared upon Sydney from the United States. For several weeks, no one was safe from his explosive organs, voice-imitating buttonholes and other tricks.

Several university students, accordingly, decided to give him a taste of his own medicine.

In a luxurious hotel lounge, they went down to the lazar Marjorie at Circular Quay, on which the Merry Andrew was travelling.

These they presented him with an elaborately engraved invitation card.

"The Lord Mayor, the City of Sydney and State," it was worded, "request the pleasure of the company of — at a Cocked Carrioch at the Reception House, Darlinghurst, to celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the signature of the Colony of New South Wales from Van Diemen's Land. God Save the King."

Delighted at the honour, the American hurriedly dressed and entered the car to attend.

"In real Fifth Avenue style," he later admitted, "we drove up to the

joint. I got a bunch something was wrong when they dropped me inside the gate and I saw a lot of nurses. But I knuckled at the door, banged on the wall and asked for the Lord Mayor."

Heavily commended, the Superintendent told the visitor where he was. "Go!" he cried at his own picturesque phrase. "Wrong out to a real factory." Back in France they say I'm a halfpenny. But I had to come to Sydney to find I'm just a clerk."

No one has reported what the Lord Mayor had to say.

BEDTIME STORY

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



REMARKS TO MOTHER: "I'VE READ A BOOK ABOUT THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD."



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In the American Southern States the ancient English sport of cockfighting has been revived with a pay-off in real money.

When the Feathers Fly

A THOUSAND

people — men and women — crowded the small amphitheatre to its capacity. They were tense and silent, and their attention was fixed on a shallow, circular pit around which they sat in stately, tiered rows.

The floor of the pit was 18 feet in diameter. Down there, two fighting cocks were battling, darting and savagely striking in a furious battle to the death.

The building was on the outskirts of a city situated way down on the south of the United States of America. The occasion was the Annual International Cocking Tournament Meeting, featuring the world's greatest fighting fowls.

Three hundred years ago, in England, where the pastime grew to popularity, cock fighting was known as a poor man's sport. How different in modern America to-day!

Contestants in top-class tournaments, such as the International, need to have any means to hundreds of



dollars. They put up their own purses and meet all their own expenses. Some travel many times a thousand miles to watch their birds.

In a tournament of 25 contestants, an entrant must lodge a substantial sum of hard cash as a guarantee that on the due date, he will provide 10 feathered fighters of specified weight, ranging from four pounds twelve ounces to six pounds two ounces. The arrangement is that each contestant must carry other contestants, and the man whose birds win most of the encounters becomes the winner.

At the International meeting, a derby was conducted on each of two days immediately prior to the big tournament. They were akin to the preliminary bouts at a boxing stadium.

The difference between a derby and a tournament is that, in the latter, a string of birds meet each be of a special weight, and one man's repre-

sentatives must meet those of every other entrant. In a derby, a maximum and minimum weight are declared, and birds of equal or close weights are matched, irrespective of ownership.

The International Cocking Tournament requires 1,000 dollars entry fee, and the two derbies add for 500 dollars each. Appropriate prize-money for the meeting reaches 50,000 dollars.

As the time approaches for the opening match of the series, waves of excitement sweep through the waiting crowd. Long before the first gas of hostiles have had the deadly steel spurs strapped to their legs, the ticket holders are in a fever.

At last comes the announcement through the loud speakers. A pair of feathered blue-bloods is being brought to the pit for battle.

The partners reach the ring via a back door and on a flyway. Each carries his bird. The gamecocks are armed and their feathers are trimmed.

One is a Cockie Perfection Gray —a silver gray with a dark brown head and dark legs. The other is blood red—a true Chert. They are placed on the scales separately. Each must weigh exactly four pounds and twelve ounces.

Now the betting commences and there is plenty of big money on hand. "It'll lay a thousand to seven fifty on the Gray," calls a confident professional wearing an expensive tuxedo coat and a pair of heavy diamond-studded glasses. Someone, beginning the Chert, takes the bet three times.

When the big betting bags have set their weight, odds have been established and the small punter has his specifications. His stakes are any amount between twenty-five dollars and a hundred, and he of less than twenty-five is rarely seen.

The gray and the red birds are released, and they rush towards each

other furiously. They collide in mid-air, at least three feet above the ground. With wings flapping and claws basting each, sixteen furiously to throw the other off balance.

Suddenly the red bird drops, and there is a fall from the seats. "He's rattled!" If you are familiar with cock fighting, you know that the spectator considers that the Chert has had a blow which interfered with its breathing—thus causing a rattling sound in the throat.

The odds along the Gray are now top heavy. "One hundred to fifty on" is called. The big bettor isn't often wrong in guessing an injury. Hardly do they rise a third third.

In the Gray versus Chert match, however, the drumman was incorrect. Chert recovered to fight on. The battle was in the throat only. The legs were unaffected. At the end of 15 minutes they were both still fighting furiously.

Now they were blown in the dust pit, a smaller ring for the decimation of birds not considered as the larger arena. After half an hour of struggling in the dust pit, both birds were completely exhausted. Neither had the strength or energy to strike a death blow.

Eventually Chert was tottering on rubbery claws, while Gray had collapsed from sheer exhaustion. The red bird took the decimation on a count-out—a T.E.O. The betting game in the second and glasses had left his money in.

The fight is fully organized. Professionals are directed through a microphone and amplifying system. At the microphone is the editor of a top-line game show magazine. He has a voice of authority, and he has full responsibility to match it. He presides over pairs of cocks from the main pit to the smaller ground, and directs a new set to take over.

PRETTY, PLEASE!

She loved nice things. It seemed a pity
To disappoint her, she was so pretty.
She loved fur coats and diamond rings
And any manner of pretty things
So I invited her on a trip to town,
We dail the windows up and down,
She said "Go-on" and "Ah" and "Oh",
She took my arm and didn't let go
Till I suggested we call it a day,
Then you should have heard what she had to say!

—ERICA PARKER

On the second day of this recent tournament, an unknown Gray passer from Texas gave the knowledgeable patrons a shock and a new standard of cock-fighting fortitude.

He entered the ring at five pounds and two ounces. His opponent was a Blue-Round-bell Crow, almost completely black, even to the comb and wattle. They clashed in mad-runs, spurs clanking and feathers spread like diers. There was strike and parry at stormy speed.

They maneuvered for advantage—a bill-hold and a rising back-swing, or a flank attack with the two and a half inch needle-sharp spur thrusting deep into the body.

Such a match couldn't possibly continue for long. It didn't. The gray bird struck his opponent a heavy blow below the head, and the dark bird was carried out by the rail-

in feathers every and with broken.

An hour later the successful Texas Gray was back in the arena—the time matched with a Yankee Clipper in the 101 class. The Gray flattered to the fray with a daring leap that shot him higher than that of his first fight. The Clipper didn't leave the ring soon. The Gray walked overhead. As he landed, pivoting to lose his opponent, the Clipper paled on to him. They crashed together, and in a split second the Clipper had used his advantage and struck. His gulf was collected in the wing of the Texas bird.

"Put your cock!" called the referee.

Both handlers rushed forward and separated the birds. During the fifteen seconds period allowed between patterns, the Texas man stopped the bleeding of the Gray's wing by rubbing dirt from the face into the

wound. The order came to release the birds.

There was some very stalling and evasive shuffling for five minutes before the birds engaged. The Gray took sweet as from the right and clamped the Clipper's neck in the deadly bill-hold, kicking the spur directly into his body just beneath the wing. The referee called "Til", but the Clipper was dead.

One fight to a finish should be sufficient activity in a day for a champion cock. Two within an hour should dull the faculty of any super champion, but the Gray was matched still once more—but only after a lengthy discussion between officials.

This time the Gray cock met a Brown-Had Tamed. It was a sharp-fist that lasted a full hour. The Gray had dulled his brilliance with his two earlier fights, but marvelous caution pulled him through his final test. The Tamed was out cold when the count was applied, and a tired but victorious Texas Gray had become the hero of the morning.

Maybe you are wondering what becomes of the birds who die in battle? All defeated gamecocks are presented to the local hospital, where they provide poultry soup for grateful inmates. Starvation, athletic fighting rules would prove too tough on baked chicken.



SOUTH SEAS MAN STEALER

Of all the infamous blackbirders who once infested the South Seas the most notorious was shrewd hogs Remy Lewis.



CLERM LACK

UNTIL well into the eighties of last century, the South Seas was the haunt of adventurers and scoundrels of every nationality.

Most of them died suddenly with their heads on—from the hand of a buccer fired by a rival blackbirders or from the thrust of a palmwood javelin between the shoulder blades on an island jungle trail.

Their schooners would put into Townsville, Maryborough or Mackay and land their cargoes of black ivory.

After roasting for the night in a verandah tavern, they would sail with the tide at dawn—never to be seen again.

One of the most successful of all these adventurers, pirates, blackbirders and gun smugglers was Remy Lewis. He was a man born out of due time. One day out on heights with massive chest, rippling muscles, one day and no thought of fear—he was a hairdresser from the age of four-

As a lad from an English village, he had floated out from home and was away to sea. He enlisted in the Royal Navy and served in Chinese waters during the China war.

Constantly in trouble and scrapes where, he was too much of a hand-ful even for that renowned bander of tough men, the British Navy, and they were glad to get rid of him. For the next couple of years, he sailed as a member of the dandified crew of a British blockade runner for the South in the American Civil War.

In 1863 Lewis worked his way out to Australia. He first appears on the stage of Queensland history in that year, becoming second mate and co-ordinator of the 130-ton *Don Juan*.

His owner was the Hon. Robert Torrens, a Sydney merchant and member of the Legislative Council. He ran a 400-acre cotton plantation on the Lagoon River and needed a constant stream of hand-labour to work it.

In August, 1863, the *Don Juan* set sail for the South Seas in search of recruits. Lewis, as recruiter, had special instructions from Torrens to treat the natives with the "greatest kindness and on no account to allow them to be ill-used."

Such samples did not fit in with Lewis's own ideas and he did not stay long in Torrens's service. He set up on his own account as a black-bagger (loaded with peering occurrences in the Darling Street), and speedily acquired wealth.

In 1867, Lewis was living in Stanley Street, South Brisbane, and advertising his willingness to recruit natives at £1 a head for the sugar plantations. He had two schooners—*Spunkie* and *Deephoe*—and regularly ran cargoes of bananas to Brisbane, Northern ports and Fiji. He had established a permanent recruiting station at Townsville in the Hebrides.

Two years later the *Deephoe* was

unhappily caught to put into Levuka, Fiji, while R.M.S. Kosara was there.

An investigative party of blackbirders from the Kosara searched the ship and found 100 naked natives huddled together with barely enough room to move. Captain Palmer of the Kosara accordingly accused the *Deephoe* on a charge of illegal kidnapping.

Captain Palmer made no bones about telling the Sydney Morning Herald (May 23, 1869) that a whole-sale system of slave traffic in its worst form existed in the Hebrides.

However, in court, his Honour Mr Alfred Sturtess dismissed the charge, refusing to accept native testimony. Nevertheless, the evidence against Lewis was sufficiently strong to cause the Queensland Government to revoke his licence as a recruiter.

But being deprived of an official licence meant little to Lewis. He continued to supply natives to other recruiters. Commodore Wilson, in a report on the banana trade to the Queensland Government in 1883, presently described him as the most successful man-stealer in the Pacific.

Lewis and his band would return to our hearts to obtain bananas for the sugar plantations of Fiji and Queensland. Fierce competition between rival recruiters sometimes broke out in open warfare. Every schooner carried its armory of rifle and revolvers and a collection of hand-knives.

Recruiters would encounter, wound, and even use knife against another. Several young men could be bought from a chief for the price of a market. After a time, however, the market became dearer and one kanaka was worth one market.

Various punishments, including native women as slaves, were used to entice young men to the deck of a schooner. They would be induced to go below, the hatch would be closed on them

The American Fur's Way of Life . . . A current big-game industry in the United States is the Indian, mounted, head-dressed, education, transportation, recreation and even buying of the nation's \$1 million dogs. With the booming conditions of the post-war years, the canine standard of living has risen to fantastic heights. The \$30 million dollar a year now spent on these canines the national fairs of such states as Wyoming, Nevada and Vermont.

and the pleasure would end away.

Naturally the trade was enormously lucrative. One shipment of beavers could be worth more than \$2000. After paying \$50 Government license fee for each animal, the blackskins would still net up to \$200 on each skin.

Leewa, who married a Tennessean first, settled permanently at Tama. He established and developed a large plantation on the western side of the island, and lived like a feudal baron of the Middle Ages.

It was Leewa's house, proved in many a rough and tumble fight, that he forced no man living. Nevertheless, he took no chances with the safety of himself, his wife and child.

His home, a spacious bungalow with wide veranda, was constructed with all the strength of a modern fortress. Its walls were built of solid rock foundations. Upon these were tiers of coral blocks up to four feet in thickness and converted into piers. They were designed to with-

stand the fiercest tornado, or even the onslaught of an attacking ship.

A bodyguard of 100 well-armed warriors acted as Leewa's trusted army as well as takersmen for his slave gangs. They were from Mallicolo and were hereditary enemies of the Tama natives, whom they treated with merciless cruelty.

Their armory ranged from primitive weapons to modern. Bone-tipped arrows poisoned in deadly fungus growth, needle-pointed palm-wood javelins, spears with clusters of barbed points made of bone and heavy curved stone clubs were their specialties.

For ten years Leewa reigned as unopposed king of Tama. He prospered and became one of the most powerful barons in the New Hebrides.

But there is generally a selfishness for disaster. Leewa eventually got his.

One day shortly after his mid-day dinner, Leewa strolled out of his coral fortress and began to tramp himself with pulling out some twelve slaves under the veranda.

Three days previously he had in a fit of rage drawn his revolver and shot dead a native he detected stealing a bunch of bananas. The dead man's cousin had vowed vengeance and only waited his opportunity.

He had stolen a machine and lurked about patiently. Hidden behind a palm tree, as Leewa with his back turned was digging up the tender, he took careful aim and fired.

Shot in the middle of the back, Leewa staggered, stood erect for a moment and then fell prone in a crumpled heap. Throwing his weapon aside, the native fled for the shelter of the woods.

Among the shot, Mrs. Leewa hurriedly placed her babe in its cot and ran out to the veranda. She heard her husband groan, and was horrified to see him lying on the ground in an

unconscious, bleeding pool of blood.

He opened his eyes, and with his assistance groped his way up the steps into the house. Hands, however, he collapsed and, after spasmodic attempts to speak, died in his wife's arms.

Feasting on the loss of their master, the bodyguard—feeling that the Tama natives were about to attack them for revenge—moved down to the beach, renewed their names and set off back to their own island.

Soon after, Mrs. Leewa's brother returned from a trading expedition to the other side of the island. He found her alone with her dead husband.

Question whether he had to face an attack from Tama natives as a widower's sword, he looked and burned all the doors and prepared for a siege. He and four trusted Rotamah houseboys were the only persons.

With loaded rifles in their hands, they waited beside the lookholes into the afternoon and early dusk for an attack that never came. Although he was positive hundreds of eyes were watching the house, the white men eventually secured around outside, but he could see nobody.

Eventually he collected some provisions and made ready for an escape by sea, being convinced that if they remained they would soon be the victims of a concerted host.

Just as dusk was falling, the little possession left for the beach. The white men walked in front, with Mr.

ride at the ready and looking warily to the right and left of the narrow trail. Then came Mrs. Leewa clamping her baby. Behind her trotted the four Rotamah boys, carrying Leewa's body on a stretcher.

In the falling dusk, the pathway was a ghastly corridor, pocked with whistling voices, each rattle from the jungle thought with menace. Every moment they expected the dreadful yell of ambushed natives and a rush of dark bodies. But, such was the time and awe in which Leewa was held, they were unswayed. They remained the beach safely, just as night fell.

They pushed off in Leewa's cutter, which was anchored near the shore, and several hours later reached the safety of a steamer station on another part of the island.

Here, Leewa's body was carried ashore. With the assistance of medical natives, it was buried in an open place not far from the women house.

Leewa's faithful houseboys, taking their leave in their hands, returned to the boat to the homestead and recovered Mrs. Leewa's personal property. Although they were watched by hundreds of warlike natives, they were not molested.

Months afterwards, Mrs. Leewa made a sad farewell to the South Sea of tragic memory and returned with the child to her people in Townsville.



THE END of Arguments



Do Spectacles Make Your Eyes Weaker?

Well, your guess is as good as ours. The expert view, however, is that they improve vision, relieve eyestrain and cannot make anyone's eyes worse. They admit, however, that people who wear them unnecessarily do become so used to them that they are apt to get poorer as well without them. In middle-age people need stronger spectacles every two or three years. The cause is a weakening of the ciliary muscles of the eyes. It happens, however, to everyone—whether they wear spectacles or not. No treatment or exercises can correct it—no glasses seem to be the only answer.

Are Motherless Pigs Hapless?

If getting fat faster is any index they certainly are. Latest pig-raising gambark in the States is synthetic sow's milk for baby pigs, which are taken from their mothers two days after birth. Using the synthetic, ten-somper, farmers have devised a product which they claim makes the piglets 10 to 25 per cent heavier in their first eight weeks of spending life. Believed of the necessity of feeding their blood, the sow can get on the job again without delay—and produce twice as many litters a year. Is There Money in Sows' Milk?

Now you notice, here's one for you. Have you been coming out in a fortune? Daily sweep outs for processed woodwork are coming to light.

Latest is from Oslo, where a factory is using it to make machine shoes—and the rate of 25 million pairs a month. For some time, in Britain and America, derivatives of wood have been used in the manufacture of dental plates, eyeglass, synthetic rubber, waterproof sheeting, plastics, ice cream and jelly. There is at present no market for the wood in Australia, but in New Zealand cellulose are receiving more than £100 a ton for dried wood delivered to a recently-established factory. Are Kids Funny Pigs?

But definitely! For nearly 2000 years they have been interesting people. Aristotle devoted some time to their study and concluded they had "too few air sacs and situated at the extreme of the sea." That, of course, was ridiculous, but their propensity was a mystery—and remained so until the late 18th Century. Then biologists concluded that they swam in the depths of the ocean. Soon after the parents die, and the young orphans always make their way shorewards. They hold up in coves and estuaries for the next half dozen or so years—until they reach sexual maturity. Then out they go again to the privacy of the deep and the cycle is repeated. Occasional muffs who do not mature remain in the coves. They don't leave their den, but they do live longer—so much as 20 years, in which they can grow to six feet in length and 20 pounds in weight.



HELL with HOODOOS

What's this? We always thought theatre folk were notoriously superstitious. . . you know, about black cats, picking up pins, throwing salt over the left shoulder and that sort of thing. These two ladies from Billy Rose's heavy room seem to have other ideas. Embarked on an orgy of jazz music-making in Beverly Hills for the last end of New Year's. Prospects of seven years' bad luck for leaving the musical don't seem to worry these carefree ladies. If you're superstitious, not at all mind telling your name. That's mine to mine.

CANVASES, September, 1932 29



According to their horoscopes these two devil-may-care, lily-livered dolls
 were both born under lucky stars. . . . oh brother, they'll certainly need to be
 . . . this umbrella just has opened in their dressing room could indicate the
 most trifling catastrophe. . . . phooey, say the girls, merely an assumed
 superstition of people who don't know any better. . . . oh well, with Heaven
 like that they shouldn't have to worry about their fortunes anyway.



Just for some, my dearest darling, don't you think you might be
 overdoing things by walking under that ladder? . . . what's that you say?
 oh, we are. . . . It's quite safe if you make a wish as you do the dice
 deed. . . . that's on them. . . . can we have a wish too? . . . I'll right, we
 wish we could make the third on the match that's going to light those cigarettes
 for that, dear ladies, we'd also say 'to hell with goodness!'

LEE
GUARDE



Health, Vitamins and Sunflower Seeds

In this common garden plant are medicinal properties of great value.

SUNFLOWER seeds, long only considered fit food for gerrets, have been re-discovered in the United States as a valuable vitamin-packed delicacy.

Millions of health seekers there are daily seeking large quantities of what has been called "Nature's own vitamin pill." Indians say that every seedling seed is "a little sun-lamp in your digestive system."

They say that the soft, succulent, roasty center of the seed is beneficial to crumpled, complexion and the fingertips. It can control blood pressure, soothe red-hot nerves and put a curb on increasing weight.

The stamp of official approval has been placed on sunflower seeds by the United States Department of

Agriculture. Its experts declare that they are rich in nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, iron, carotene, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin.

Incredible as it may sound, laboratory tests have proved that these little striped seeds are as high in protein content as prime select beef. They are said to be charged with more vitamins (A, B and C) than any other field crop.

Apparently other men, in earlier ages, realized that sunflower seeds, related so easily by the birds, must have nutritious health qualities.

Sunflowers were grown in the Americas long before the coming of Europeans. The latest developed the tall, stiff, yellow-flowering plant as a "manifestation of the sun god-

ness." They ground the seeds into a meal for baking.

The Russians, too, have long realized the worth of sunflower seeds. In the days of the Cossacks, each man was armed with two and a half pounds of seeds per day as war rations. Soviet workers now still show great quantities of freshly roasted seeds.

In the United States today, sunflower seeds are served as home flowers or as an addition to breakfast cereals. Vegetation establishments everywhere are featuring them. They will provide your sunflower nourishment either as a pleasant, tasty drink or as a tasty paste to be spread on bread.

At confectionery shops, sunflower seeds are sold roasted and salted. They are already competing with peanuts and popcorn as favors.

Salmon have also jumped on the wagon. Many are now providing sunflower seeds as a free custom baiter—instead of pellets, poison and other former lures.

The cause of this furore, and the introduction of the lovely sunflower seed as an important item of human consumption, is a Californian farmer named Arnel de Vlieger.

For years he grew sunflower seeds for the same purpose as they are grown today in Australia and other countries—the parrot food, animal fodder and the oil in the seeds. Then, one day in 1930, while watching birds pecking away at the growing seeds, he felt curious about the taste and started chewing a few of them.

They tasted so good he started to leave theories and write letters to experts and government agencies for information about them. As a result, he learned of their age-old history as human food.

De Vlieger started his own promotion campaign—with retailers in

every city in the United States. He planned to sell to them direct. To confectionery and health shops, and any other merchant who might be able to stock his seeds, he wrote a personal letter. The pointed, polite demand for the seeds, he told them, was "the hottest topic to come out of California since the Gold Rush."

With intensive production methods, and the use of two huge harvesters he managed himself to collect every last seed, de Vlieger, who calls himself the "Sunflower King of the World," is now making 300,000 dollars a year out of the famous parrot food.

In England, too, sunflower growing is rapidly increasing in importance, although as yet no efforts have been made to utilize the seeds as a health food. A modern factory was recently built in Massachusetts to process the seeds into vegetable fat and oil, for which there is a great unmet demand.

Experiments have shown that a great variety of products may be developed from the seeds or their oil. These include margarine, cream, poultry feed and oil cubes for livestock. It is believed that later honey and dye from the blossoms, and even a tobacco substitute from the leaves, may be added to the list.

The Commonwealth Department of Agriculture is trying to interest Australian farmers in the potentialities of sunflower as a commercial crop in Australia, but as yet only small areas have been sown. It is a pity, for as a source of edible oil, along the plant is a sure money-maker.

Also, when the public realizes the vitamin benefits of the seeds, it seems certain that the sunflower will be put as rich a commerce in its growers here as it is now to Arnel de Vlieger in California.

Crime Capsules



GOOD SAMARITAN

In Columbus (U.S.), recently, Robert Pauline went off to the local bar with \$5 dollars in his pocket a friend arrested on a bad driving charge. The money was paid and the friend was released. Both were cheerfully departing from the precinct when an eagle-eyed witness of the law recognized Mr. Pauline as a motorist he had once charged with the same offense—and who had failed to appear. With an \$5 dollar, the luckless Pauline was driven into the cell just vacated by his friend.

RAFFLES IN UNIFORM

Last year's (last) robbery of the age was the taking in 1945 of two trunks of pure loogie money from soldiers from Bunker's Castle, near Franklin (Germany). Participants were two U.S. Army officers and a W.A.C. Captain. Only half the money was recovered when the subjects were arrested in Chicago, a year later. Misadventure of the plot, a Colonel, is still serving his 30 years sentence. But justice is irretrievable. The two accomplices get shorter rags . . . as a matter of fact they're now on the loose again. The W.A.C., who married the Colonel, and was with him on three honeymoon when arrested, has stated she will be waiting for him when he is released.

THERE'S THE RUB . . .

Living Loren of Van Nuys (California) is an honest man. When he found a halting wallet not long ago, he immediately hand himself to the local police station and handed it over. Replied with his good deed for the day, he returned to his car—and found he had been locked for illegal parking. But our hero really threw an sympathy for Loren: Serge, of Stanford (California). He paid Ernest stopped his truck on a highway to go to the end of a mattress in an overturned jockey. He had no money slightest than a truck covered up behind and smashed into his car. When the constabulary arrived, they arrested Serge—for obstructing traffic.

THE FINGER'S ON YOU . . .

Be wary, be wary. Someone's been forging fingerprints in America, since are regularly reported lately of attempts by auto-thefters, second-story-men and even murderers to leave imitation fingerprints at the scenes of their depredations. No one knows if it has ever been successful, because the only cases on record, naturally, are the ones detected (Despite official claims that to the expert they are always distinguishable from the more clearly and recurrent, it's a sobering thought that one day some "Morphingolite" will succeed in planting a fake—and really put the finger on an innocent man.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO STAR

SLEEPING PARTNER

SHE HELD HIM CLOSE AND BEGGED HIM TO MAKE LOVE TO HER—SO HER HUSBAND WOULD HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR MURDER

ARNE FAULSTICH • FICTION

THERE was nothing about the service station to tip me off to the unexpected. . . it was just another of those lonely outback places, tumble-down and in need of paint. Flashed water tanks squatted around the building like red-flashed broods. It needed money spent on it—big money. And that's where I came in.

"What do you think of it?" Dolan asked me.

I grinned: "A week, just as you wanted me, but with dough, a little cold-cream." Already I could picture it with cabinet attached, perfume corner and floor-by tank, corner, neon sign. "You've got a nice little corner here, Dolan."

"We have," he corrected, and patted his breast pocket. "Pardon—"

He reversed the Ford in behind the curtains and jerked a door open. "Folger comes in and meet our sleeping partner," he said.

It was a cigarette and followed him round the back. It was even an worse condition than the front—if not worse possibly—but it would suit my purpose.

"Don't mind smoking in through the kitchen, do you?" Dolan asked.

I grinned. "Dolan, the first ones at home," I said.

He showed his door that looked as

and hollowed. "You there Jackie?"

We could hear footsteps on the stairs, but they were light and quick—too light for a man you could trust. I had my first question.

"Meet Jackie?" Dolan said. "Jackie—Ben Janderson."

I caught my breath and stared at her snug and hard. I don't know what I had expected, but certainly not this.

Dolan grinned. "Never take things for granted, Ben, it's a bad policy. Jackie is short for Jacqueline. She's our sleeping partner."

I grinned back. "Tush," I drawled. "but what I want to know is how far she carries it." I looked her over. My eyes roved down the top of her chestnut head to the tip of the smart hat I'd ever seen. What she had announced in between there, not more women than any person I had any proportion had any right to be.

I didn't even notice that Dolan had left us to it and gone back to his rattle-dog Ford I was engaged. I said: "That shade of blue suits you."

She said: "You like blue? Most men do."

"I'm not most men," I said slowly. "I hate blue. But on you, Jackie. You do something to it."

She smiled and I retraced her and her lips were, even without make-up. It made me wonder if you, if there whether her life would look pale against hers. I walked back



He worried with my three thousand. All I had was a bewildering paragoned handle with precession in every soft move.

Harvey



CORRECTION

Somebody told me—
It sounded fun—
That two could live
As cheap as one
I can't add up
And I can't subtract,
But they assured me
It was plain fact
But here's where the flaw
Is in the reason for
You don't need more
To multiply

—ERICA PARKER

my and had said. "It's my eyes," she said. "Most roadwrecks have green ones."

I couldn't think what she was talking about. I was concentrating on her lips still.

I looked at her eyes. They were blue as sea waves. Our eyes locked and I couldn't do anything about it. "Confused?" I asked. "Maybe the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

She laughed, but there was no warmth—only provocation.

I said, "I met you two minutes ago and now I want to kiss you more than anything else in the world."

"Do you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," she smiled, and I noticed that Dolan had shut the door after him. The walls seemed to gather in around me, becoming as close, away from everything and everyone else. I lifted her against me and lost myself in the fragrance of apple blossoms perfumed. It seemed to be all over her, as if it was a part of her. I kissed her and kept on kissing

her, my receptive senses reaching. When I came up for air, I said, "It does there."

She smiled gently. "What does?"

"Kissed on your lips."

She laughed in a puzzled fashion.

"I don't get it," she said.

"I thought it would look might around the richness of your mouth," I explained.

"You know," she murmured, "you make me feel good."

I removed my hands quickly, and she laughed. "Not that sort of good," she said, and I explained them.

Time seemed to stand still for a moment. Then suddenly I began to wonder about Dolan—his going off like that and leaving us to it alone, as if he knew what was going to happen. I had the doors and the property martingale in my pocket as a token of his good faith, but he had a real low-downed sneaker of mine to keep him happy. I knew who was the better off, and my suspicions began to haunt me.

"Where's Dolan?" I asked suddenly.

She ran a cool hand up the nape of my neck. "Who cares?"

I hated to say it, but money's money. "I do," I said, then bit a bit more about it. After all, there was time when you don't talk money. And this was one of them.

"Now break your swearing," I said, then felt foolish, changing the conversation so suddenly, but she didn't seem to notice.

"You say that as if you're a lot of a connoisseur," she teased.

"I am. Plenty of girls wear nice clothes, but they spoil them. That makes, for instance, not many could get away with that."

We both looked at it, and it gave me an opportunity I had been looking for. "With your figure," I said, "any boy but would look good the

break the better in my expert opinion."

She smiled. "You know, we would be far more comfortable upstairs."

"Mind reader?" I teased, then a nice thought struck me. "You haven't a lounge room up there, have you?"

She looked in my eyes, as if she could see through me. "No," she said slowly, "only bedroom."

I said reluctantly, "Would better see Dolan first?" The thought of all that drugg made me cold.

"Why, Ben?" she asked, and wound her arms around my neck.

I said parenthetically, "I reckon we'd better." He might wonder where we're at to."

"He'd guess," she said confidently.

I shoved her away from me. "What do you mean?" I said. "What do you mean—'he'd guess'?"

She dismissed. "I meant he'd just think we'd wandered off somewhere."

Like hell, I thought. Like hell he would. "I'll go find him," I said.

"No Ben, don't," she pleaded.

"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"Come upstairs," she said pathetically. "Please, Ben, come upstairs with me."

"His answer, wasn't you?" I asked suddenly. Time suddenly I realized she was scared. She was scared still.

I grabbed hold of her by the shoulders and shook her till she was nearly limp. Her dress tore all her shoulders and I had never seen anything so beautiful in all my life, then the huge unadorned perfection and the disarranged chestnut hair. Her violet eyes were opened wide with fear, her red lips parted and greedily damp.

"Don't, Ben, don't," she begged, and I suddenly realized what I was doing to her. I released her and my fingertips caressed her breasts on her elastic skin. She pulled the front of her dress up and held it

against her like an embarrassed child.

Her lips had gone dry and I had against them "Dolan," I said gently. "What's going on? Where's Dolan?"

She said quietly, "He was going to come in and kill you, while you made love to me. For your money, of course. He was going to dump the body somewhere."

And then the perfect moment it was as that it started me. "I see," I said. "And where do you come out?"

She let me have it free between the eyes. "I'm his wife," she said. Our eyes locked, then I turned to go. "Ben," she said worriedly, "where are you going?"

I didn't look at her. "To find Dolan," I said.

She said, stammering a little, "You—you want to anything back?"

"I won't make you a widow, if that's what's worrying you," I said hastily.

She said hesitantly, "That wasn't worrying me, Ben. I don't love him now."

I couldn't look at her. Not then. I went outside to look for Dolan.

The place was as desolate as a ghost town. There was nothing to show he had ever been there—except the two-marks the Ford had made in the dust and a piece of paper on one of the lawns.

I tore it down and read it. It was short and to the point. "So-long, honey. I haven't been happy for a long time and I know you will not miss me."

With my three thousand students in his pocket I guess it wouldn't be long before he found his happiness. As for me—well, what did I have to lose? Three thousand I had to lose—and I'd lost it.

I went back to her just as fast as I could.

HANDY With a RAZOR

LEFTY WAS A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

A LOOSE the death drive of the
Thomson Fast Level a truck
more rambling-creating low, sub-
terranean thunder between the grey
rock walls. The noise was at first
far away and vague, but familiar
enough to be unmistakable.

It increased and speeded up into
a series of crashes, as the small, worn
wheels bounced over the narrow
road.

Nobody took any particular notice
of it among the men who were sit-
ting around smoking and waiting
for the case on the plot, but some-
body said loudly, "Lefty blunder
his last one out!"

"You," said Charlie Brown, who was

WIDIT, BUT HE WAS A DIFFERENT MAN WITH A RAZOR IN HIS HAND

breaking a shift on the machine. "He
couldn't keep up with a Quonset
train."

They all laughed heartily, without
real mirth but in acknowledgment
of the shortness of a man who
was called "Lefty"—not because he
was left-handed, but because of a
sway-bellied theory that both his
hands were left ones.

They went on talking about the
hopes of the case, but one or two
kept half an eye turned to the
great rumble of the approaching
truck. With only half an ear he
was, it takes a while for any message
from it to reach the brain, and by
the time the bumps of the wheels

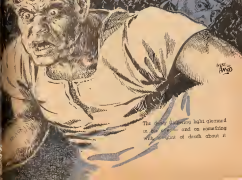
had registered in anybody's mind
there was little time to act.

"It's got over him him. Mind
yourselves!" somebody yelled.

The talk was chopped off. To sur-
prise with the suddenly alarming
thunder of the truck, there was only
the urgent scuffle of human feet
as men springing for safety.

Lefty's truck burst onto the plot,
out of the mouth of the drive. It shot
to the end of the road, where at
normal speed the number would
have faded as it stopped, and made
it easy to tip its line, at one dash
through the grating and into the bus.

But it was going too fast for men
behaviour, half in the air before it



The heavy fluorescent light glared
in the room, and on something
the light of death about it

Peking all jammed . . . Paris's fashion shows have one purpose—in other words . . . and we have tomorrow to look us. To the Victoria export man, his cigarette—that means, wired, hooped skirt—was just as potent a thrill-ometer as a 10-day's for yesterday's flocks. The Duchess of Manchester was paid such an export (one day in 1928, she pompously bought her hoop in wearing a skirt. She went home over heels—landing on her feet but with pins and petticoats over her head. Undoubtedly she wore a delicious pair of twisted, twisted knickerbockers, which, within an hour, "were" (broke) in the world in general and the Duc de Malakoff in particular."

hit the buffer, and the truck flew everywhere. The dust overwhelmed the light of the one electric bulb.

When the dust settled there was nobody dead, or even hurt. But a boulder weighing a couple of hundredweight had hit the back-end of which Carley was balanced. The truck had sagged only to one side and, since it was only a small collision affair, a small old stream of oil water had hit Carley somewhere about the chest, and saturated his lower half. Carley's hair was almost straight with rain.

Lefty came clattering out of the drive, many lengths behind his truck—grunting, hunched and confused. He was a man of uncertain age, no young, not old, livery cleaned and half-washed. He dug the heels of his big boots into the dusty slope, and slipped his strap like a switch-knife trying to take off in a hurry. "Thank God!" he said. "Nobody hurt. Thank God for that!"

Carley, his face dark, rumped down off the back-end and pulled a wretched thrust of his own dripping shirt and trousers. "What do you call that, you fool?" he howled. "No thanks to you it ain't no blood."

"Craps, Carl!" Lefty stomped. "It sure is a lousy mess!"

"Well, you don't have to, you—you suit," Lefty roared. "But by heaven you will get out of these daps, if you don't get it into your drunk skull that you always push the truck as an up-think in the face, when there's empty. Coming back with them fell, you've got to hang on like your death or they'll run away from you."

"I know," said Lefty, heavily. "I was hanging back, but I stumbled over somebody's car's wheel!"

Carley stepped forward and snatched Lefty's fist into Lefty's stomach. When Lefty doubled up, he let him have another in the face, and the body, uncertain was left back with a shriek, blinding noise, and a look of even greater surprise.

Lefty snatched himself away from the truck, instead of staying on his back and talking as he usually did. The dusty, shivering old light glimmered in his eye—on something else. In the first split second, nobody consciously reached what the other thing was, but there was a blue play of death about it, and even Carley jumped back.

"There's got a man!" Peter squealed. "Get behind him, someone!"

Peter himself, his duty done in an ordinary capacity, was twelve yards along the drive before he had finished pulling, but he might as well have stayed where he was. The effect ranged in the dusty light, more like a shadow than Lefty, the man with the rear. The situation didn't fit the place or the people.

"Keep back!" Lefty shouted, because he knew that now they were all somehow against him.

"Come forward, man," Carley snarled. "Come one step, or I'll follow you and cut your throat with your own knife."

They were passed like doubtful, half-died dogs in their den, underground world when one of the eyes that had been watching past thought suddenly hung heavily on the Thousand Foot Level. Its gleam, congealed with his job and his end of the machinery that harked men and ore, and cut with the people, saving the safety-bar out of the way and called. "Come on! What's hidden?" you looked up?"

They blinked, brought back to a thousand feet below the earth, and suddenly there was no more. They filed into the cave, looking and feeling asleep, with Lefty's in dropping again in painful anxiety to save the respect and mastery of the men with whom he worked.

The machinery took them soaring to the surface, where the stars and the lights of the hotel across the street were as bright as usual. They became unusually many candles at the bar, because with thrust back to normal, none of them could quite believe in the dark, impossible places their minds held of a man glancing lightly on the Thousand Foot Level.

Everybody bought drinks for Lefty except Carley. "He'd have done me in, if he'd had the guts," Carley said.

"Craps, Carl!" Lefty said. "I never meant nothing, but I thought a night, stop you from looking me any more."

The afternoon shift train, redoubled and bounding on its rails like Lefty's truck, took them to their various streets. By the time Billy and Lefty got off at the same corner, young Billy was curious.

The storm was high and bright, the houses silent and dead. The young fellow thought he spotted some sort of experience he'd never had. "You told that man a funny way, Lefty," he said. "It looked as if you wasn't going to share with it."

"I wasn't," Lefty said, in a flat, careless voice. "I was going to cut him open."

"Craps!" he had exclaimed. "I always thought you'd handle a man like a knife in a fight, but you had it different."

Lefty produced the man again, on the pale night. "No," he told Billy. "You open the blade wide, like this. Then you hold it right back—with its broad, blunt side to the handle, this way. You grip it in your fist, and you punch with it. It takes-hangs out of 'em, and it don't cut you, too!"

"Good!" Billy said, suddenly. "Nobody fights like that around here."

"No, son," Lefty said, softly. "They think they're tough around here, but they just bash each other, like Carley's been bashing me. They should be in Malabar in the old days—in the twenties. In those days a good blade put you ahead of the knife who didn't have one."

"Good!" sneered young Billy, suddenly without belief in either Father Christmas or Square Taylor. "You ain't old enough to have been in a man's gang, unless they had office boys."

"If I was only an office boy I had no lesson, anyway," Lefty said, maddly. But the door was in his hand, held not in the way of a man about to shove but cripped between the knuckles of a clenched fist, suggestive of goaded fumes and of the going-lame, outside death that would follow a punch in the throat. "These blabbers here only think they're tough," Lefty added.

Billingsly was really saved. "I'll certainly tell Cui to lay off of you," he said.

"Don't tell nobody nothing," Lefty named. "If you do you'll get it. I didn't leave th' big snake to get copped in a place like this."

Billingsly was certainly understanding new experience, but he liked them less than any previous ones. Lefty's dark hair, in the moonlight that shined on the loose steel, was the difference from his bushing, plucking,

indifference down the same. Had he a different man in the steelier back streets of a big city, and even here he was one who was best left alone.

The young fellow was scared, and might have kept his peace forever, except that six days later Lefty was in the local lineup, and his Carley was in the morgue.

Carley had been brought up from the Wisconsin Poor House half an ear, with an eyeball shelled, two of his toes amputated and burned, and his leg crumpled about not deeply, violently, and finally.

There was no doubt about who had done it, and why. "I run over his toes with a truckful of ore, and he went for me again," Lefty told Sergeant Cooper, simply. "I couldn't take no more of it."

"But man, what did you kill him with?" asked the distressed sergeant,

who had known and liked Carley.

Lefty produced the razor, and held it loosely in the way he had shown Billingsly. The sergeant jumped back automatically, and then came forward again, his body crawling with fear. But Lefty handed over his ancestral weapon without any trouble.

Later, after Billingsly had blarneyed his story in the dusty little police-station change-room, Cooper thought he began to see the light. He went along to Lefty's cell and adopted the answering manner that had helped him many times, and the words of justice almost as often.

"Now listen, mate," the sergeant said. "We've caught up with some of your backwash — from the first before you came to the paddocks, and long before Carley was, heaped you for being awkward on the job."

"The others never looked out, but

I done nothing right there," Lefty told him. "Ten years I worked with corn and for the cows. On the Bow-arms, on the Dublin track, down the line at Phoenix's, they was all the same. I drove a baker's cart for Wilson for nearly a year, a few years back, but he anked me, too, for too many accidents and mistakes with deliveries. The only time I didn't make no mistake was with Carley. I wasn't awkward with the razor."

"Why not?" Cooper asked. "Where did you learn to use a razor that way?"

"I seen an article once, about these razor gangsters," said Lefty, with the queer calm look that seemed to have possessed him since his arrest. "It stuck in me mind, somehow."

"Don't give me that!" the sergeant said, dropping his mattress and suddenly marching. "Billingsly's right in his guts. We know you was a razor



TEMPERANCE PERILS

The here and male live thirty years and nothing know of wine and beer, the good and cheap on twenty day and never taste of Scotch or Ray, but awful, awful, rum-soaked men serving for three-score years and ten.

— ANON

laughter in Melbourne in the old days, and I want the details."

Lefty grinned, sadly. "Aw, I told him that I 'sented him," he said. "I was never one of the rum boys. I was never even in Melbourne, but for a week during the war, and if you look far enough you'll find that out. I was in the wheat-belt before I came here."

"Wheat? a ha!" The sergeant said, but he was already doubtful.

"I ain't, worse luck," Lefty told him in a flat voice. "I thought him in Melbourne with the river boys in the twenties, but I wasn't."

"Wheat? prison, schools, but wasn't?" Cooper barked.

"I wasn't clumsy with the police," Lefty said again. "I wish you could of been there to see, sarge, but there was only Curley there. If that big fella was still talking," he made tell you he was a fool not to take care after the first time I flaked a mouse on him. That time it was only a flake I had it on me, because I'd

forgot to drop it in at the barber's, but afterwards I scared it. That first time, I got a surprise how it fitted into my fat die way I'd read and I seen them all jump back, and I thought, 'Now we're equals, sarge, this thing brings you blazes down to my size.'"

"Yes, but what about today?" in interrupted Cooper insistently.

"That second time there was only Curly. It brought him down to a lot smaller than me. I hit him and I cut him where I wanted to. Then an' all the rest could tell you I was clumsy with the truck, an' awkward with a bar or shovel, an' bloody near as good at all the things that come easy to them, but Curley's the one that could tell you I wasn't clumsy with the mouse. I wish I'd at know years back, but I was never in Melbourne but once for a week during the war, let alone being a member of a rum gang."

The sergeant looked at Lefty, and thought of Curley's look, and sighed, and went away. Back in the day-curious charge room, he started to write a report that eventually heightened the awe of the official elements.

The report made Lefty's trial unexpectedly short and dull for the public, but it saved Lefty from the gallows, and even from much jail. It was hard to spend the long years ahead in the chamber, but useful ones in the story system—and the most heartbreakingly sensible, although his long wild beard made him look terrifying.

But he could never shave or be shaven, because the very sight of a razor changed his shuffling, apologetic character altogether, and made it amazingly plain why such a mild, pleasantly indolent man was where he was.



"I haven't spoken to my wife for months. I'm afraid to interrupt her."

"Escape"

— DAY-DREAMED BY
GIBSON



At first the evening can be tough
but stick with it... evening
routines can be relaxed by just
surrendering.



Naturally the routine can be even
completely uprooted by the knowing
member of the household as well
well!

It is almost as if the office...

...glances



If at the end of the day you
are too "tired" off even
to try... there are other
ways of spending a quiet
evening at home.



STRANGER and Stranger



NO ICEBERGS . . .

We enter the Greenland and the Barents, variety. Annually 10,000 to 15,000 icebergs are dumped by the continuously advancing glaciers and deep-sea fringes of Greenland's west coast. They break away and set off on an 1850-mile drift southward, where they disappear in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. In an average year, about 400 melt and become a danger to the Atlantic shipping lanes. Last year, for some unknown reason, not one was sighted. No one has explained where—or why—they went **SAFER DIVING** . . .

No more need salvage divers risk their lives in search of lost wrecks. The U.S. Navy's Bureau of Ships has perfected an underwater television camera. Before the diver descends, he sees on an screen what he is likely to find "down under." Every snag may be snipped out, any dangers may be seen and the object sought may be located before the diver dives his helmet.

DOUGHNUT HOLES . . .

In an age of higher prices—and smaller products—strangers here we've heard for some time was a recent decision by the doughnut manufacturers of the United States to give their customers more for their money. To do it, they reduced the size of the hole from seven-eighths to three-eighths of an inch. Not only do you get more doughnut, but it will, they say, "handle better."

NOISY CORNER . . .

Barnol, a small town in Bengal, is renowned for queer reasons—as of the continuous firing of heavy cannon. Scientists believe they are atmospheric discharges. They cannot explain, however, why people insist they come from different directions. In other places around the world, inexplicable sounds are sometimes heard—but Barnol has both the volume and frequency record.

DYING HOUSE . . .

When a well-to-do Chinese feels he is going to die, his first thought is for the convenience of his family. He arranges to have his aging corpse removed to a Dying House. There, for 14 a day, he can lie in a comfortable bed and philosophize as he awaits the end. The payment includes ministrations by three Buddhist priests, burning of joss sticks and supply of toothsome delicious meat, fruit and alcohol for the propitiation of the gods. Efforts made of paper are propped around the bedstead to represent growing relatives. When death finally comes, the body is dressed in paper clothes and buried with due ceremony by the religious. All of this, it may be added, is only for the wealthy. The Chinese peasants, upon death, are collected and cremated free by the authorities.



"As I see it, Compton plays it—so."



THE OLD

The variety of waves of the famous Falson's Brush Men has been corresponded to the point of superabundance. However, if he will permit us, we have offer a few species of briefly backbones which we guarantee not even a Falson's Brush Men ever imagined. Consider this New Look in the Bathroom, with which a port puppet seems to have solved an age-old problem.



BRUSH OFF

The break boys of brushmen are distinctly like of them, as witness this photograph. There's no need to cry 'Pump Fluffy'—this isn't a wife 'til it's a matter of fact, the brushmen have labeled it 'The Brush Boyz'! Seeing as it fits in all the right places where it's supposed to fit, who else we to expect 'til' then anyway?



But there's every a male who refuses to admit that women are really responsible for making the world go round (even with brushes) - we don't know what Grundge is actually doing here, whether he's from boxing has hit from his hand to his body or merely attempted to work himself . . . but we are given testimony to think that he might as well save himself the time. Then, for the benefit of some little little hobbit like this, there is a woman with a plumb line, easy lifting of the rag under which she is going to sweep that cigarette debris. To meet her we'd stand in for any brush man.

printers to BETTER HEALTH



ARTHRITIS HOPES . . .

In this hot-new source at last on the turf? In England, Dr. Irene Burt has been experimenting for six years by injected vitamins with the blood of pregnant women. He believes that an unknown substance manufactured in the women's bodies can relieve much of the pain of rheumatoid arthritis. The British Medical Journal reports a 50 per cent cure or "dramatic improvement" in a number of test cases.

YOUR TEETH . . .

Tooth decay is a problem for everybody. Cut out just one carbohydrate you may not preferably a sugar "tooth destroyer" like chocolate, ice or ice cream—and you will materially lessen the chances of cavities developing in your teeth. To cut them down still further, see that you remove other carbohydrate particles from your mouth by tooth brushing immediately after each meal. The damage is done within the first half-hour after eating.

EXCESSIVE SWEATING . . .

Recently a new drug was developed by U.S. scientists to treat stomach ulcers. Several doctors used it, however, discovered by chance that it checked body sweating. Previously people complaining in the point of discomfort from the hands, feet, underarms and other parts of the body had to undergo a delicate nerve-sparing

operation—the success of which was often doubtful. Taken as a capsule form, the drug is harmless and patients may regulate the dosage according to their physical activity.

FOOD GERMS . . .

With the coming of warmer weather, food poisoning is a possibility in any home. The golden standard is use generally of the staphylococcus family, as in the case of boils. They thrive best at room temperature, so the natural precaution (after scrupulous cleanliness, of course) is to keep your food either very hot or very cold until eaten. The germs seem to live on such foods as cream-filled cakes and pastries, meat, poultry, fish and eggs. They are generally put there by people who handle them with sores, cuts or boils or suffered from colds or diarrhoea.

MENTAL ILLS . . .

Sufferers from stuttering, speech defects, anxiety, depression, homosexuality, irritability, impotence and alcoholism are generally cases of psychosomatics. They can take heart from experiments conducted by Dr. E. J. Meeble of the University of Illinois over the past few years. In more than 500 cases, he has achieved marked improvements with the use of the "radio vector" and sound waves. Thus the future approach to neuroses is likely to be physiological rather than psychological.

HELL WAS IN THEIR EYES

LESTER KAY



They were only an army of mistreated frightened boys; but with their despair passed they made a nation.

THE Germans attacked New York at three o'clock in the morning of August the 23th.

That is not a history of the future; it is history. They were under British command, while the defenders comprised an army of freedom that had come from Boston.

It was 1790, and the colonies had revolted. A few thousand had been fought; the rebel army had surrounded Boston, and the British had sailed out.

The British knew that New York was more important. It was built on islands in the Hudson, and was easily

to hold—because the British had a navy.

Then, as now, New York was a city apart from the rest of America. It was not affected by the road barrens for freedom that had gripped the colonies. New York didn't want to be defended against the British tyrants.

Even so the rebel army marched to New York. It hadn't learned to march, and it didn't want to leave. In fact, it didn't know what it wanted, but it occupied New York before the British fleet arrived, and New York didn't want it.

Then its commander-in-chief had

to decide what to do, and he admitted that he didn't have a strategy. The Continental Congress, which had appeared here told him to hold New York—and he supposed he would—but he had to ask a subordinate named Lee how to go about it. Washington was a planner, not a soldier.

He accepted Col. Lee's advice. His army was on Manhattan, and he sent most of it over the river to Brooklyn to defend the heights.

Twenty thousand had come down from Boston, but as more than two thousand remained by the time the British fleet arrived with its corps of German mercenaries. The rest had simply gone home. More were going home every day.

Washington stayed on Manhattan and left the disposal of the forces on Brooklyn Heights to officers on the spot. Most of the troops were only 15 to 16 years old. In these circumstances, it is surprising that any defense was organized at all.

There were three obvious strategic points, of which Jamaica Pass was the most important. In the darkness the Germans crept up on Jamaica Pass, and found it defended by exactly five men.

Something over ten thousand Germans landed on Brooklyn during that night. Some went through Jamaica Pass and by daylight they were set for a frontal attack, with heavier forces already in the rear of the freedom army.

The boys on the heights were green-skinned. Germans working knee-deep through a down mist, and they were frightened. They didn't want to fight; they didn't know how to resist. They stood up to fire muskets into the line of advancing mercenaries, and a hail of lead hit them from the rear.

They were more kids—with no

training and no leadership. They panicked accusations of betrayal. Some threw themselves against the green line, some charged hysterically at the Germans on their rear. All were driven back.

Willy they fired their muskets. Then they tried to use the clumsy weapons as clubs. But the Germans had extra-sharp bayonets. Most of the trapped boys lay down on the ground and cried for their mothers.

The killing went on for hours. War had started as a job of work for the Germans because a popular holiday.

They stopped killing only when they were tired out—and because there was no luxury. The army of freedom was trapped, its back was to the water.

George Washington crossed to Brooklyn in a rowing boat when the numbers were at its height. From a hill, he watched his army being destroyed.

By morning the Germans were exhausted. They had killed over two thousand, as they passed to rail and the quivering remnants of Washington's army crept over the hills and huddled in the little spaces left in them between the heights and the river.

Makeshift encampments were dug. The best of kids could retreat no further, so they lay behind earthworks and waited for death. All the while Washington, with measured tread, walked up and down their lines, a guest of a man, saying nothing, giving hardly any orders.

There was no attachment between these whipped boys, and the commander-in-chief who had sent them into a death-trap. To him they were slowly Thibault, contemptible creatures little above the negro slaves of his Virginia plantation.

Sam commented. It poured down.
The ground continued to be covered
better, warmer, the sun.

It is almost certain that, in those hours, Washington had no more idea what to do than did the very boys who were answering and crying that he saw only the disaster that they saw, that his slight young was his way of arching his own hopelessness.

And yet, it was precisely what these kids needed. It gave the impression of something solid and unmovable, of something indestructible and unbreakable. In their sitting room, big six-foot-three of color was a thing to which they could cling.

The door was into night, the room unlit, and the general continued to pore. The figure became a magnet. They watched it, watched his ingenious face and began to feel an confident confidence that Washington himself did not feel.

No stick came that night. The army of freedom was broken, beaten and trapped, so why go out in the pouring rain to finish it off?

Washington retired to his tent and wrote dispatches, as if it were routine. When, in the morning, he awoke, he surveyed the tent. He saw tears of education in the eyes of boys who were cursing him yesterday. He saw respect and worship in the gleaming salutes of 18-year-old officers.

The rain became heavier, and, during that day, the officer he had left with a small force to hold Manhattan Island, brought it to Brooklyn as reinforcements. Which meant that Washington's entire army was now in the town.

There were the expert handlers who had brought them over, however Washington wondered if it were possible to withdraw the entire army. His officers said that was impossible, even in darkness. The boys were a

such pains that they would drive each other to pieces and wreck all the boats in their blind frenzy to get away. Washington agreed with them.

Then, without their knowledge, he ordered the fishermen to make every possible boat, to be ready near the dock.

He used nothing of retreat; but he curtly advised that the fresh troops should relieve the most battered units. Then, as a unit was withdrawn and sent to the rear, another was moved into its position. They went on all night in the rain, shifting weary boys from one part of the hillside to another.

Only when the operation was complete, and the reinforcements — not knowing that they now stood alone — were marched down to the waiting boats, was Washington's deception of his own army revealed. But he sent every man across, out of the trap.

Of course, more than half of these deserted at once, and that didn't leave much. What it did leave, however, was a hard core of youngsters who had come out of jail. They would now stand by Washington, march with him, suffer for him to the end.

Years of retreat and defeat followed. In these years Washington changed, and the boys became men, and their devotion to their commander grew and deepened.

Washington gave no sign as a carefree. His uniform went to sea, his great cloak became threadbare; but he never wavered and never so much as whispered of giving

The men marched through snow in bare feet, running away, always turning away. But they stayed with their ragged general; they absorbed the stone-like calm and endurance; they waited for the time when they

could strike back and destroy the hated Germans, and they never once doubted that they would come.

It came on a Christmas Eve morning—in a snow storm, and after dangerous running school, after they had just returned to school over a four-day holiday to celebrate.

It was madness to turn down, to cross the river, to attack the formidable German. Everybody knew it was madness. But, nevertheless, the name of Gerdones did it.

The Germans were so nicely ebullient that they had set away for sometime. It was Christmas Eve, and all were drunk when the wild-eyed assassin fell on them in a maddened fury. The slaughter of innocents on Brooklyn Heights was nothing compared with the previous killing that went on in Times square that night. The spray of machine-guns was all but unceasing and

And that was not the end. It was a beginning, a strange beginning, is something that hasn't ended yet.

run with

Dr. CLYDE WILLIAMS





THE WHITE-EYED KILLER

Was it curiosity or just sheer hatred
withstand that made him kill
and torture for sadistic pleasure?

YOUNG Jesse Penney had a
hobby

It is a good thing for 12-year-old boys to have a hobby—usually. Keeps them out of mischief. Jesse's didn't. His hobby was murdering children!

His appearance may have had a great deal to do with that, for children are often thoughtlessly cruel. And Jesse was only—particularly ugly.

He was lanky, sullen and sensitive, with long nose and big hands. His teeth were gleamed rudimentary, his legs were odd, white and bumpy. If he had a film of white skin over it—a cat-suit—and his tongue lay twisted into a perpetual sneer.

Jesse Penney started on his murdering way in his home town of Boston in 1931. Children of both sexes, usually returning from school, were lured into a secluded place, tied up and brutally killed. Many small

corpses were found in the marshes which were close to South Boston at that time. Some were under rubbishy heaps, some were packed in doorways and partly all were horribly mutilated.

Within a few weeks Jesse had piled up the horrifying total of 23 children absolutely murdered! And there was no sign as to the killer.

During the weeks of terror, a boy of 12 named Albert Pratt, whose father was wealthy, was snatched to school by an armed guard. This was a challenge to Jesse. He sent Mr. Pratt an anonymous letter telling him the "game" had marked Albert down for the next victim.

Then came a bill, but Mr. Pratt still kept on his secret, who took Albert to school and waited for him afterwards. One morning Jesse sent his younger brother Henry into the headmaster of Ruxton School, which

Albert attended, to tell him that Albert's father wanted the boy outside. The teacher, William Barton, let the boy go. He was not seen again for two days, when his mutilated body was found in the marshes!

Headmaster Barton did some thinking. Henry Penney said that he had been asked by "a tall, dark man in a blue suit" to deliver this message to the schoolteacher. But Barton thought he was lying. He remembered that Henry's brother, Jesse, had an reputation as a cruel bully. He decided to keep an eye on Jesse.

Then Jesse made his first slip, with the score at 24. A boy named William Barton was playing near the marshes one afternoon. He was spoken to by a "big, ugly boy," who grabbed him and tried to tie him to a telegraph pole. However, young Barton was a slippery customer and he fought for his life so well that he got away. He fled to his home and told his parents. They informed the police.

The next day, Chief Inspector Eberney took Barton round the secret corner of the schools to see if he could pick out his assailant. When William got one look at Jesse Penney he screamed with fear. They gathered Jesse in!

While awaiting trial Jesse studied legal books and prepared a defense that he was abnormal, irresponsible and the victim of uncontrollable impulses. At his trial he confessed to all the murders and others which may have been imaginary. He discussed mental abnormality, argued with the judge and threatened the prosecuting counsel, judge, jury and opposing witnesses.

When the jury took into consideration the lack of motive, his behavior in court and the vicious severity of the crimes they decided he was "Guilty, but insane." Corridors outside were waiting for his blood. He

was whisked off to a lunatic asylum. But that wasn't the end of Jesse. In little more than a year the phony was turned loose on Boston again, pronounced cured!

His father, who had been almost ruined by Jesse's escapades, had no wish to have the boy back in his home. But his mother pleaded for him, and his father yielded.

Jesse was getting on a new act now. No power was the first one, then he had dropped the "mad act" and become a very good boy. So good that psychiatrists and asylum authorities, as well as Governor Graves and the judge who had tried Jesse—Judge Stephens—were sure that Jesse would kill no more.

His parents must have had some fears for him, for he never went outside his home or butcher's shop for several weeks. He was quiet and mild-mannered, even obedient.

Months passed and, to give Jesse something to occupy his mind, he was allowed to serve in the shop. He continued to behave himself, but his vicious little mind was waiting.

He was nearly 13 when his hobby got into his stride again. One child after another disappeared, but their bodies were not found, so Jesse Penney could not be blamed, no matter how suspicious everyone might be of him.

But in spite of all the watching, no yet managed to find time and secret opportunity to add steadily to his list. At least a dozen children were murdered by him in this second phase of his activities, bringing his score to 35.

There was a refuse heap in the yard of his father's shop where offal from the shop was often thrown. The hot weather made it high in an obnoxious mass. Neighbors complained and Jesse's father was told to have the stinking heap removed.

When Jesse heard about the order, he remarked calmly to his dining mother, "I shouldn't be surprised. Mother, if they were to find something under that damn they don't expect."

Jesse was right. He had made knowledge. They found the mutilated corpse of 12 children! And as they slowly descended the painful excitement night, the ghostly wailing stood in the yard whistling.

He was grabbed and rushed off to jail before the mob would not him. The mob showed all night around the jail for his blood. Then they dragged outside the Governor's house and Judge Stephens's residence. Governor Graves fled the city on the first opportunity and resigned his post under compulsion. Judge Stephens was transferred.

A year later Bess became Governor, and her father was that Jesse Pomeroy would never be free again. It was a popular platform.

Jesse pleaded in confessing his crime and went back to his "road" act. It had worked very well for that time, why not now? The huge lynching party which attended his trial was disconcerted by 12 women standing round the dock, armed police and a regiment of militia round the court.

The judge turned up so boldly against the accused that the jury took very little time to bring in a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Jesse was sentenced to be hanged.

He appeared seven and again, from one court after another right up to the Governor. Bess had already given out his policy. He requested, "Tomorrow want hung?" A national mob was set up, however, and it changed the sentence to solitary confinement for life.

So, at the age of 17, Jesse was

locked in a special cell. But he was not the model prisoner he had been in the inmate asylum. He was a holy terror.

He decided to blow up the jail, including himself, if necessary. He started on three years' prison work to achieve his object.

The prison was lit by a highly explosive gas. The pipes ran through the concrete blocks which held Jesse in chains. He planned that he wanted to work as an ironworker, and several small tools were given him. He attacked the mortar, breasted it with his hand and ate it. He managed to get one block of mortar loose, but was heard, his work discovered and the tools taken away.

But he had reached the gas pipe. He had one match. By a trick he managed to put his back out of order one night. He lifted out the loose stone, punctured the gas pipe, laid down and, just before his senses left him, struck his match.

As a newspaper put it: "There was a great detonation which shook the walls. Giant torques of flame burst and soared. Several convicts looked on and helpless, were burnt to death."

Jesse's solitary life was hardly worth living, but he lived, with his nerves more and more. He was blown through the door of his cell and terribly injured, but he recovered.

The prison burnt down. A new one was built across the river, with a cell even to order for Jesse Pomeroy. Years passed. People forgot him. It was thought he was dead.

But in 1908, after more 40 years spent in solitary, he was moved from Charleston Prison to Bridgewater State Farm, a smaller and old man of 65.

His parents were dead, now he is dead. But his unusual victims died horribly a long time before



"An old flame of yours dropped in at the bank today. The police caught him, though."



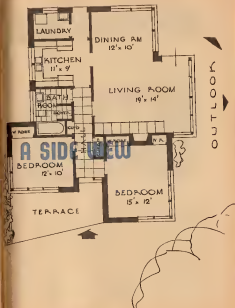
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF

Planning dictates generally rule that a house be divided into two sections: one portion devoted to the day-time activities and the other to the bedrooms. Variations of this arrangement are sometimes caused by aspects and other requirements.

Cavalcade's current suggestion is for a building site on which the view is to the side. For this reason the principal rooms — living room, dining room and main bedroom are arranged to take advantage of this outlook. The living and dining rooms have full length windows overlooking the view and the bedroom also has large windows on this side. Double doors from the living room open out on to a grassed lawn, but this could be a stone paved terrace or a deck, according to the ground conditions.

The kitchen, laundry and bathroom are grouped, all three being as posterns which are convenient to the rooms they serve.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 50 feet and the overall area 1,220 square feet.



The Sword of Manurau

New Zealand's famous Van Tangaipia was a fearless adventurer and fighter who lived for battle and excitement



ON the afternoon of September 1, 1838, in the forest of Te Ngutu o te Manu, Taranaki, New Zealand, a man asked for death. It was not the first time of asking. During more than half of his 42 years death had been a close companion.

As always, he had no fear. He was quite calm as he swung his great curved sword against a tree and had waited for death to come.

Te Ngutu was an exciting place to be, this bright afternoon. New Zealand's bloodiest war—between the Queen's forces and the Taranaki Maori—had broken as the Maori—had reached its peak here in Taranaki.

Now the rebels had gone. The

skilled colonial bush fighters had taken back—under protest—at the order of the man who was their leader, and he stood alone. The tangled forest before him was full of the creeping brown shapes of the enemy.

The man was neither big nor large, but even at that time he seemed to dominate the scene. His Maori, pointed beard now streaked with gray, bristled with all its old ferocity. His hair was combed the forest as he watched every at the war.

He was an angry man that day, was Maori van Tangaipia. He had just had another disappointment with a regular officer, a disappointment which

was likely to be his last. This lonely stand was his signature of protest.

To understand the meaning of his act, we must first take a look at the background of this German-Maori and van Tangaipia—Prussian officer and son of a Prussian officer, general's fighter, explorer, vegetable, farmer and gold digger.

Georg von Tangaipia was born in 1823, in Prussia. He went into an army training school, and graduated, with a commission.

But here the ordered Prussian course of his life was sharply diverted by his fiery soul. Three years of barracks room and parade ground were enough. In 1837 he resigned his commission and went abroad.

Almost immediately he found the adventure he craved—in the affairs between the two Americas. A strange three-cornered battle was going on there between Spaniards, British and an odd assortment of Indians.

Into this mixer war came van Tangaipia—with a British commission. Now he got it is not clear, but he was soon organizing and directing a force of Maori Indians in an attack on Manurau.

The campaign ended in the usual uneasy peace, with concessions and innumerable disappointments. Van Tangaipia asked the people around Manurau to go again, and knew it was time to go. He discarded his sword for a while—the sword which he carried as a personal trademark and a reminder of his Prussian appointment—and took ship from the Pacific side of the isthmus northward to the new territory of California.

Remember the date? It was 1839, and the big gold strikes were on.

But the lure of gold paled before the lure of adventure. Van Tangaipia stayed in California more than three years—but as a vigilante, an officer of the law.

Then he had some unfinished business to transact in Manurau, far to the south. He could have boarded another ship for there, but the wild country between appealed to the awakening explorer in him. With a doctor friend he headed south—on foot.

Eighteen months and three thousand miles of jungle later they were through to Manurau, where van Tangaipia completed his unfinished business. The Maori resident there was one James Macmillan Bell. He had a very attractive daughter. She and van Tangaipia were married in 1833, and in the fall of that a daughter arrived to bless the hearth of the homing van Tangaipia.

It could have been the end of the trail—but van Tangaipia was already looking for a field. Before very long the new family was off by ship for more open spaces—Australia.

They left the ship at Melbourne, found a farm not too remote from civilization, and settled down again. But van Tangaipia could not keep his eyes from the sword hanging in its battered sheath above the fireplace. His wife shook her head and roused herself to another early move.

It came in 1838, when van Tangaipia sold the farm and sailed for New Zealand. First the Commodore goldfields claimed him—but he never did have much success with a miner's pick. The second claim was to rescue the shape of pick as ploughshare—which was just as well for the future of New Zealand.

We flared up with the Maori—a desperate, bitter war of war against a cunning and terrible foe. The British soldiers, splendid in battle against troops of their kind, were bewildered and then doubtful of an enemy who refused to fight in the open and square, and who chose instead ambush and night raid.

When some widgee foot tells you to "keep your hair on," you know what he means. But how did the moraine come? Actually, the phrase seems to stem back to the Goats in British. It was the adverb which non-sense, offered to perversity who were showing signs of grilling themselves around, in plain English, it meant: "Watch out or you'll go to prison" . . . the idea being that when a man was given "tells," his hair went crooked.

The Morne took the white men's weapons and adopted methods to suit them—methods which were perhaps 50 years ahead of their time. They struck swiftly, and had before the previous military methods could move after them.

Von Troupy was only one of many men who could use the moraine. A subtle fighting device was needed—a lightly-armed unit which could live as the Morne lived, and which could go after them into their own territory, the untracked trees and scrub of the bushland.

His previous experience in jungle fighting gave him his chance. In August, 1903, he was commissioned lieutenant and given a free hand in forming what was to become famous throughout the Empire as the Forest Rangers.

He picked tough colonial types—farmers, sailors, mine-men as hardy as himself. A tricky and strenuous course of bush fighting transformed them up.

Then the Rangers left the schools on their stags and bushes and went

in after the enemy. They moved as the Morne moved, understanding the ambushes, skulking swiftly on flanks and in the villages, to the rear. Their efficiency was demonstrated by the exploit which brought von Troupy his capture.

At Perama, when the Morne were in a seemingly impenetrable position, he and Thomas McDermott worked their way through a flux swamp right into the heart of the enemy defenses. They lay there for two whole days and nights, carefully noting the Morne strength and weakness.

When the attack came in, it was based on von Troupy's information and covered by von Troupy's sharp-shooting Rangers. The Morne fell back in confusion.

The war went on, with the Rangers always on hand. The Morne grew to dread their cleverness, cunningness and courage. They christened the Rangers, and particularly the men who led them, "Moraine," meaning 'the enemy leader'.

In another day months he was his majority, slain on the field of battle. This time it was for his part in the bloody siege and deal with change which earned the great Morne fortress of Ombaka. But at his home (today gone), as Major von Troupy began to climb ever more valiantly with his expensive regular army efforts.

A serious blow-up occurred in September, 1903. After the capture of Verano Pa, which confirmed von Troupy as a national hero, the pag of the Rangers was unanimously reduced from 4/2 to 1/6 a day. The men refused to proceed to Opana, where von Troupy had gone independently. He returned to the capital city to argue the matter with the Minister of Defense, Sir Henry Ashmore.

Von Troupy's hot temper did not improve matters, and his men made

their move when they staged a strike down strike in Wellington.

The main Minister ordered von Troupy to take his men to Wanganui (on a new battle front) and hand them over to Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser.

He did his best, but only succeeded in showing the worth of the Minister upon himself when the men mutinied. Von Troupy landed in his retirement.

Like a regiment Hon von Troupy called the Minister out to give him satisfaction on the field of honor. When this was refused he went off home to Coromandel. There he demonstrated another of his eccentricities by writing a book of his experiences in the Wanganui and Taranaki wars, and illustrating it with his own pen and brush drawings.

Rangers' morale passed for von Troupy in this kind of private activity. He had sworn he would not serve the Government in any capacity, and, however much he regretted it, he was determined to keep that vow.

But the New Zealand people helped him overcome the difficulty. The seceding Government fell, and the new one immediately appealed to him to withdraw his resignation. He returned to the force, and in 1905 was appointed Inspector of Armed Constabulary.

In reality it was the old job back again. Moraine and his Rangers took to the forests again with revolver and bowie knife and the great curved sword. This time the foe was the murderous Hon Hon.

Again they hung on the flanks of the enemy, struck the villages in his rear, carried out masses of non-combatants. The base of Moraine was on the Taranaki sky, and the Morne went back before it.

But still the feud went on between

the brilliant improviser and the regular officers. At Te Ngutu-a-te-Moana, where the Hon Hon were strongly entrenched, von Troupy conceived the position and executed attack. The officer commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel McDermott, ignored this advice and ordered a retreat.

Von Troupy argued, then accepted the inevitable. He watched the red-coats go, gave the order to return to his own men, then stood waiting for the enemy, whistling with his sword at a safe pace.

The numbers von Troupy had predicted came—and he was the first to fall. Dandy warriors surrounded behind him, in pain and even in the forests passed in a wonderful film on the retreating troops.

Von Troupy fell with a bullet through his head. By then expiring himself he had driven much of the foe upon his own body. This was his final protest and perhaps his greatest heroism.

The end? A great cry went up from the Morne: "Moraine has fallen! The sword is still!" A woman dashed forward and knelt at the dead face in reverence for a slain husband. That night the bodies of the dead were stacked on a funeral pyre—with that of von Troupy in the place of honor.

But the legend of Moraine has never died. Fifteen years later Kaitike Hart, the American newspaper visited a hut in the Morne settlement of Pukekohe. An old Morne man in greenish, and said: "You have set your feet on glory. Remind that step has the sword of Moraine."

The sword, a sword robe, is still in Morne hands hidden somewhere near the old Taranaki bushlands, and Morne and perhaps also remember the inseparable warrior who wielded it.



• Hear about the nappies who soaked her streptococci gown in coffee so that it would stay up all night • *Blackie Baller*: A man is incomplete until he is married, then he is finished • Our office perfume expert reports: "My points crop turned out very well this year. Some were as big as warblers, some were as big as geese and, of course, there were also quite a few little ones." • Talking Point: It's a pity aboutness didn't tell us when as well as how to speak • Which leads us to recall the voice of experience we overheard the other day again, "Doesn't your wife write, or at anything?" • *Funny Business*: At an election for officers of a New York women's club recently, twice as many votes were cast as there were members present • Most nappies want a man with a future; but most any old man will settle for a future with a man • Paragraph for Punditology: Marriage is not a word, it is a sentence • Then there was the escaped convict who laughed when he read they were putting bloodhounds on his tail • he knew he was defenseless • *Town Talk*: The best way to treat a man who drinks too much is seldom • A pessimist, they say, is a man who has been in business with an optician • *Placidus Pater*: Many a man goes off for a day's fishing and doesn't catch anything until he gets home • We know of a little girl at a wedding who went home in tears because the bride had changed her mind . . . she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another • *Society Snippets*: Approach a school the way you used to do when you were a child . . . slowly • Hear about the beautiful nurse they all call appealing . . . because only the doctor can take her out • Then there was the eight-year-old suspect who wanted "Quakers are very mean, quiet people who never fight or answer back. My father is a Quaker. But my mother is not" • *News of the Times*: "What is anything all right, or?" • One look at the famous light side is enough to convince one that beauty is no longer the last policy • Which naturally brings us to remark that a thing of beauty has a boy for ever • *International Note*: Diplomacy is the art of letting someone have your own way • You know about the miner who invented the wild watch . . . he didn't want to keep on putting his head in his pocket • See us at your earliest convenience, here our favorite pseudonym.

OUR SHORT STORY: A reporter recently telephoned a well-known movie star to confirm a story that she was about to divorce her fourth husband. She replied: "Divorce him? Don't be silly! Why, I hardly know the man."

KATH KING THE PHANTOM WOMAN

BY PAUL BELBIN
AND
JOSEPH OCHSNER







MY DEAR LADY, WE BE-
LIEVED MR. LANGE WAS
MURDERED!



WHY? HIS WIFE SAID
HE WAS



THE MAN WHO
CALLED IN



... FOR QUESTIONING
THE ANSWERS OF
SOME LADIES WENT TO
KNOW WHO THE WOMAN
WAS WHO ASKED THE
SERVE THE QUESTIONS



TO HATH KING COMETH THE
WHO IDEA A
THAT LUCY LANGE HER
MURDERED HAD LEFT A
WOMAN TOLD THE AS-
SISTANT COMPANY LANGE
LANGE WAS, SICK!!



NATH CONFESSED HE
THOUGHT TO TELL
TO SOLVE THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF LANGE LANGE THERE
IS A WOMAN TO BE FOUND



I DON'T
KNOW! THAT'S A
JOB TO THE
MURDERER!



-- IT WAS THAT WOMAN
WHO WAS PRODDING
AROUND THE ASSISTANT
PLANT ABOUT LANGE
DISAPPEARING



THE NEWS GOES ROUND
THE ALLEGED STORY OF
THE ALLEGED COMPANY
THAT A WOMAN HAS
BEEN TRYING TO FIND
OUT ABOUT LANGE LANGE

SOME LOOKER, TOO



AS THE NEWS GOES
ROUND LANGE LANGE
HIS TOO -- HE WISHED
OF THOSE, AND

NO
SAY



AT THE GRAPHIC OFFICE,
LATH GETS A TELEPHONE
CALL FROM A WOMAN
WHO WANTS TO SEE
HERE AND



-- THE VISITOR ASKED
AND OFFERED HER
INFORMATION ABOUT
THE MAN CALLED ABOUT
SOME LANGE, MYSTERY

FOLLOWING THIS LEAD KATHY HONG GOES WITH HER VISITOR.....



I WONDER IF KATHY'S HOLDING OUT ON ME?



WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST IN SAM LAM?

YES, WHO'S BEHIND YOU?



KATHY COULDN'T TALK SHE IS WORRIED BY WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND KNOWS NOTHING.



I'M SURE LAMOR HAS BEEN MORTIFIED.



TODD, ALARMED BECAUSE KATHY HAD HUNG UP, RETURNED TO HIS ROOM.



A QUICK CONFERENCE WITH A POLICE AGENT REVEALS THAT KATHY MUST BE REACHED BEFORE SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPED LONG ENOUGH TO CAUSE ALARM.



TRUCK TODD GOES TO THE HALLWAY, THERE HE HAS BEEN BROUGHT IN AND THREATENED AS THE POLICE AGENT'S VOICES HE IS BADLY BEATEN UP.



HE WAS SLIPPED FROM A CAR, WE'VE TRACED THE TRUCK MARKS.

THIS IS THE MAN WHO HELPED KATHY.



TODD TRIES TO PICK UP A LEAD FROM LUCKY LAMOR BUT HE IS CARRYING HIMSELF DOWN WITH HIS HUSBAND'S INFIDELITY.



AS A CAR ROLLS ON THE ROAD, LAMOR'S LUCKY LAMOR TO NEW YORK, BRINGING KATHY.



WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT! QUICK.





WHILE LUCY LARGE ADMITS
CRASH CITY IS DRIVE BY
HILL PEOPLE, SHE TELLS TWO
LARRY LANGE, THAT TWO
SERIES HAS CHANGED
BEHINDS TO NO TRUST,
AND



— SOUND AND HELPERS.
BOTH HAVE TO COME
INTO THE ROOM



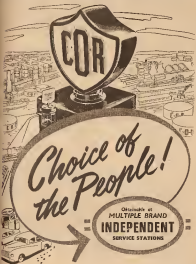
TRUCK MAKES SHORT WORK
OF THE TWO TOLLS
SO YOU WERE THE WOMAN
BEHIND THE CRASHCARS
HE ACCUSED LUCY SHE
REALLY ADMITS SHE
HELPED DRIVE HIS TWO-
BAND HIGHWHEELS—FOR
HIS ANCESTRAL SECRETS



THE TYREMARKS ON THE
CAR CRACK WITH THOSE
FOUR FEET, HARRIS IN
BODY, LUCY LARGE HAD
SAID TOO MUCH, AND AN
EMBROIDERY GUY WHO IS
BEHIND



Throughout Australia the demand is for—



MARY TOOK

HIM WITH HER



FRANK S. GREENOP

THEY came round the door weren't checking a tollbo they were standing in suddenly ranks along the edges of the wide lawn. They were a crowd of people that attended Vladimir Munk by day and night. They drew attention to how far back his house stood from the street and the street itself was exclusive and well-laid.

The throng wasn't all on the road. The news on the radio scratched the sky but the throng in the letter Vladimir Munk held in his hand tore deeply into the flesh.

Something about the handwriting on the envelope had been familiar. Familiar in the sense that he liked it uncopied from the telephone table where the news got the road, and took it into the garden to be read.

He read it among the roses.

Sally came out of the side porch with her long legs flailing from the loosely belted bathing robe as she ran barefoot across the grass, down the slope behind the house. High ribbed hedges sheltered her from every gaze as she let the robe slide off, and ran into the water of the swimming pool with barely a splash.

Vladimir Munk stuffed the damned letter into his pocket and watched

the condensation of clear water in the sunlight, and the glowing tracery of Sally's creamy skin, trailing languently just beneath the surface.

The sight of all that Sally showed left him as cold as a jam advertisement. It is worry that makes man impatient worry and fear. Vladimir's lip twisted as he twisted the words of Scripture. "Perfect love casteth out fear," he thought. In his pocket the postman's fingers crushed at the letter that brought him that perfect fear.

+ + +
 Dear Vladimir—I don't want to come back into your life any more than you would like to come back into mine. What we had was wonderful, and I cherish the memory of it too much to even risk the disappointment that might come now, should . . .
 No, my dear Vladimir, I don't want any of the fabulous money you have made, either. I do not envy it, and I do not want it, and I could not try that dirty blackmailing trick even if I felt like doing so, because it would destroy the only lovely thing I have now, my memories. But there is one touch spot in my life just now, Vladimir, and I would like to have a little help just the help that you might come to see me. There are no

BACK INTO THE PAST HE DELVED, BACK TO A GIRL HE HAD LEFT BEHIND FOR A FAWNERED BLONDE AND A SWIMMING POOL.

strains to it, my dear. It is a very simple wish that will cost you nothing, but it will mean, oh, so much to me.

Yours

The signature is in the address, did anyone else ever call you "Vel"?

♦ ♦ ♦

No one else had ever called him "Vel." Sully came out of the water and stood glowering wetly and laughing.

"Take a plunge, Vel," she called. "Come on!"

He pushed the letter down into a corner of his pocket and walked slowly towards the pool, forcing a smile.

"Good to hear!" he asked. "I won't tell you," she teased. "Come and find out!"

He stood, motionless. She tapped her wet hands round his arm and shook him.

"What's the matter, big bear?" "Don't, Sully," he said. He was angry because there was a plaintive note in his voice.

"Oh, don't!" she pouted. "Don't you like me any more?"

"Don't be a fool!" His voice carried an edge. She laughed and pushed him.

"Oh, cool off!" she advised.

He was right; unreason on the edge, softened for a moment. Then she pushed him again, and now him go on, dither and all, and she stood laughing as he broke the surface, shaking the water out of his eyes.

She held out her hand to help him out, and laughing and apologized.

"How could I have done and have a drink, as you'll catch cold," she said.

It had happened before, and he hadn't caught pneumonia. He had "the flu," as he called it. As he stood in the sunlight it felt warmer after the cold shower. The water had

shocked him back, and he felt clear-headed again.

"Come on, Vel," he said, and put his sudden arm around her bare waist. They went up to the house together, and she left her gown lying on the grass where it had fallen. They sat on the terrace in garden chairs and drank their drinks, she in her white newly transparent little swimming trunks, and he in a pair of shorts. The later afternoon sun beat on them, and he had the illusion that things were good.

Sully came and sat on his knee and looked very absently for a young wife, but she sensed that he was not at the mood.

"Vel," she accused, leaning heavily against him, "you have something on your mind."

"A business hitch, that's all," he said.

"That? Forget it!"

While he dreamed he memorized the address on the letter. After dinner he said he was going out.

"You will then," she said. "Have your old club. I'll probably play strip poker with the boys."

He laughed. "You just don't!"

At least, he reflected as he drove the car through town, he had managed to leave in the usual light-hearted way. The club? It had little indeed to do with the given address—the club address, from which Marj had written, he did not even care to leave his car there in the street. He parked in an alley and took a taxi.

In the taxi he wondered whether he looked a little too well dressed. And he thought of Marj.

He had to go back 25 years to think of her. Back 25 years to a girl who had more womanhood packed between her thin little chin and her slender ankles than had ever dreamed of. Back 25 years to a rare peach-a-week flit-and you couldn't

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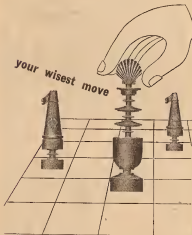


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"That depends on what makes you live," she said. "You make me live."
"That would wear off in a week."
"In a week we shall see."
"And then get a divorce?"

She curled her arm round his neck.
"How can we get a divorce? We won't even married!" And she laughed as she kissed him.

He himself had said the neighbours' danceabouts wouldn't even know, she reminded. They'd just live there—and one day he would be rich, and then they'd get married.

And that's how it was.

Not for a week, as he'd suggested, but for two and a half spiky years. Struggling years, hopeful years. They were worried and they lived in sin, but things went well and they were happy. Then he hit it rich . . .

"There you are, my dear and success!"

He paid the taxi driver and sat out and stood looking at the shabby old stone tenement. The spiky iron gate cracked on its hinges; the front door was only a pane behind it, and was open. When the girl cracked a girl came out of a room and stood in the doorway, her open dressing gown showing her nakedly to him.

"Hello, dear," she said.

He swallowed the revelation that choked him and said, "Is Mary here?"

"Glad to see you, but no use to you," the girl said. She thrust back her dressing gown and put one hand on her hip. "What's so much about me?" she asked brightly.

He looked away. "I want Mary," he said.

The girl told him then, and he went along the narrow hall and up the stairs, and heard the girl's voice and a man's behind him. He threw the door open and the room was dark. He closed the door, shutting out the muffled voices below, and stood in the darkness. Then he groped along

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Young up to People's, 24th Dec., 1931.—"I am just up to people with much more and can now think in a much more steady"—MB1243, Pearl Office. Copying for Works, 24th Dec., 1931.—"I have improved my memory for work. I can remember all now to much better advantage"—VC2443, Pearl Office.

Alley to Man, 24th May, 1931.—"The Course has done me an amazingly good job in all with people"—VB1407, Copy Office.

Smith, Water and Street, 24th May, 1931.—"I am feeling much better, except that I don't want to work."

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the wall and switched on the light. Wrong room. Lying on the bed, covered against the warm night air with a quaking sheet, a hollow-choked, grey-haired dame opened her eyes.

"Borry," Victoria Mank said, "I made a mistake."

The woman on the bed rolled on to her side and opened her eyes again, blinking at the light. "Hello, Vicky," she said, and patted the quaking bed woefully. "Sit here, my darling!"

He wanted to be asked, "You're not—Mary?" But he knew she was.

He made the effort to push gradually on the edge of the bed. She did not try to talk; she looked too sick and weak to talk.

He thought of the two and a half stifled years, and of how she had left him because, she said, he was starting to drink too much. A rose. A rose at the time when he was coming good, and feeling his power, and knew he could get her back tomorrow—but never did.

"Where do you want, Mary?" He didn't try to make conversation or sympathy.

"I just wanted to see you—before—oh all over!" She spoke in phrases fitted into groups of breathing.

"Hush!" he said, "Listen, Mary. I've got money. I'll get you out of here . . ."

She opened her eyes and said, "Money, money, money!" Just like she'd said it that night on the beach. "Oh, Vicky," she said, "what's money? I wrote you I didn't want it!"

"What did you want?"

"Only," she said, but with a little strength through emotion, "only that I couldn't die without seeing you, my darling. It's so dark . . ."

Her voice choked, but she was still breathing. He bent over her, and she was almost unconscious. He stood awkwardly for a moment, and then



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strumbled to the door. He didn't know what he should do.

He didn't open the door; another man did that. A man who sneaked. "Whacha want, man?"

Viadimir pointed towards the bed. "A doctor," he said. "She—she's . . ."

"Waste of good money," the man said. "Screen."

Viadimir grabbed the man by his going coat. "Look here," he said, "she is life and death. May as . . ."

The man's bunched fist thrustled into his mouth, and he felt his teeth crumble. The next, warm taste of blood came from the river, and then the pain started.

"Go, go on, get out!" the man said, and pushed Viadimir open and went sideways down the stairs, lost his footing, and sprawled, bumping to the bottom. He still lay there when moment laughter and a bubble of second came. He scrambled up.

The naked girl in the dressed gown stood looking down at him. As she saw his face the smile died out of her eyes. Her hand once opened on a harsh, unknown voice. She called him a name a bullycock wouldn't use to his team. "Go on—move," she said, and kicked at his stomach with the pointed toe of a cheap, trampled shoe. "Get going or I'll do you over. Run for life, 's well." She laughed rudely.

Viadimir Monks scrambled to his feet and yelped through the doorway. He felt clumsy, and breathless, and his mouth hurt. Mostly he felt more inside—and when he was out of the dark little street into the daylight, and the feet stopped for him, he slumped into the softness of the dark back seat trembling to the point of asphyxiation. He didn't care to drive his car, he had the taxi take him right home.

Sally was awake.

She came into his dressing room in

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a playful sort of thing she called "Sleepers," that made her look as if she had really played five strip poker games—and lost badly. When she saw her face she stopped.

She remembered something about a lark. "Oh, darling! I want . . ." As she read what she meant to do it she put her arm around him, and he pulled away.

"Oh, you poor dear! you're shaken up. I'll get you a whiskey!"

He growled at her. "Get out back to bed, Sal!"

She came back with the whiskey, and he couldn't see her, he could see the curve-packed body of Mary, 30 years ago, when they could only afford a bottle of whiskey every six months. He put the drink on his dressing table, and held his head in his hands.

Weakly he looked up at the spoke to him. "Get going, Sal, get back to bed," he said. "I'll be all right!"

She looked down at him for a moment, panted; then she turned and went, slowly. He watched the motion of her legs, moving lightly, somehow it reminded him of the first time he saw Mary naked, that delicious night 30 years ago when she had decided that respectability didn't matter.

He had the illusion for a moment that that was Mary walking away from him now, and he felt, as he would have felt on that night of 30 years before, the acute of overwhelming sensation of being without her.

He rapped his head and his lips formed the name of Mary; he wondered whether he actually said the name, for Sal looked round in the doorway, her big eyes staring, her lips half parted as though about to speak. But no, he decided, and then he felt the sense of physical shock that it wasn't the face of Mary looking at him, and then the door closed,

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and he felt cold, empty and alone.

Long afterwards he looked over the unopened drink as he got up and undressed. He saw the light lying on the bed, eyes closed, breathing evenly. What had that been to him? He had nothing against her; she went to him. He'd been rich when he met her, and she had had everything. . . .

Vladimir couldn't explain it. It was just that suddenly he remembered that Mary had been there, when money didn't matter, and marriage didn't matter, and Mary had seen it through with him.

You, she had had everything—except that she wasn't Mary, and he'd forgotten for the moment all that Mary was. Or had he forgotten at? Perhaps in the first flash of his reason he had been a little blind to some of the most beautiful things in her life. Certainly he had forgotten the picture on the heavily windowed hall with her, and it had been a long time since he looked her in the arms while they watched a sunset together. Success had brought the dimly lit hall lights of underground places, and the heavy glistening rooms, and women who lay as could, but very lovely ladies. And Emily.

Emily hadn't actually belonged in the world of money. She looked just, and she was built for photography. She had the kind of sensuously soft face that you see in perfume advertisements. She looked something that she had never been. But maybe her head she had a brain, under her curving bosom she had a heart; and she had fallen deeply in love with Vladimir Hank.

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answered. She had been patient when he was busy, and amazing when he was overconfident, and physically powerful.

She had made him forget everything that had happened before. And that was her talent, and it was made easier because she had a man who wanted to forget.

And because of her, he had forgotten Mary. He had forgotten Mary so thoroughly that now she came back with all the force of a new discovery. Mary dominated his mind again—and suddenly nothing that had happened since Mary mattered, but what had happened to Mary mattered terribly—personally.

It wasn't anything against Sally, it was just that she hadn't been in the world where Mary and he had been. Nothing could make them as close together as Mary and he had been. And nothing could take Mary out of his life—Mary, whose only demand of him had ever been that she might see him before she died.

Then Vladimir went downstairs and got the whisky. Through the glow of it he saw Mary as she had been. That she had gone forever he couldn't

believe, and the whisky didn't help him. The more he drank the sadder, and the more alert, he became, until he realized that the beaten old dog he had seen that night was only the unburied corpse of something he did not dare to lose.

The more he drank, it was true, when they found him; but he was not drunk when he did it. Sally was rich, and young enough to be happy, anyway. But, rather than live with the memory of what he had made Mary, he had aspired, deeply, and deadly out his throat.

The note he left explained everything, though those who read it and smelt the whisky didn't understand. It simply said, "The law was not broken by what I did; but I destroyed life and this is the death penalty I married."

It was too serious to laugh about, and Sally and he'd been overworked in his business. They said, "of unusual mind", but nobody was more sober and more than Vladimir Morzh when he went to meet his widow. The next was, Morzh took her with her.

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Talking Points

IT MAKES YOU LAUGH

Called the "father of the modern practical joke" is Theodore Hook. His most famous exploit concerned a Mrs. Tottleclough, a London "lady of easy virtue." With artistic skill he wrote 300 letters in her name. They all asked the recipients to call at her house at 10 rue on November 31, 1850.

When the appalled women opened her door at the appointed hour, she found 'em on the step, or clattering up the street to the delight of a mob, the Duke of Gloucester, the Lord Mayor, the Governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of the East India Company, dozens of peers of the realm, and hundreds of tradesmen.

Since the time of Hook, many devoted husbands have appeared on the scene, notably the late Monroe de Vere Cole, who spent his life and fortune running hoaxing to an art. You'll find a bright survey of his doings, and those of several other classic pranksters, on page 31.

MAN STRAYLING

Blackbalding was a cruel and infamous trade, but the practitioners it drew were a weird and picturesque crew. Take Captain One Eye, who ranged the Pacific for human cargo in the 1830's. He would threaten a native chief that, unless a certain number of men were supplied, he would waste everyone in the village to lay out of his eyes.

To show he was capable of such cruelty, he would then solemnly drop

his own glass eye out of its socket into his hand.

There were others just as celebrated—Captain Jemmy, Timberbee Pooder and, of course, the notorious "Bully" Hayes. Probably the most adventuresome and nastily of them all, however, was huge, red-headed, bawling-outing Russ Lewis. On page 34, Ellen Lock gives you the full details of his full-blooded career.

HIS FATHER WAS A BUTCHER

And so was Jesse Penneroy, we might add. In the past Jack Herring has discovered some strange characters in his constant delving into the darkest paths of crime. In Jesse Penneroy, however, he has unearthed a boy whose ghastly gang-up in a child Darwin would be hard to equal for sheer natural wickedness. If you have been towards the madhouse, "The White-Eyed Killer" on page 44, should be just your dish.

NEXT MONTH

We have an outstanding line-up on the way for you in next month's CAVALCADE. If your fancy is for blood-soaked business, look for "The Face Made History," the lowdown on the bad but bewitching Helen of Troy. Lester May has also done a fine feature, "He Chase History," on the pirate Van Gough. Cedric Montgomerie takes you down to history in "Golden Lore of Baymarrine." Finally, don't miss a gem of a fiction yarn, "Makino to Couraure," an outright tale built fighting much in the way Ernest Hemingway used to write of it.

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